The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

Dynamite in the hands of socialistic devils did bad work in London, the other day, as will be seen in another column. No good citizen will fail to condemn the aim and action of the socialists.

Suppose some one would set off a dynamite bomb among O'Donovan Rossa and his gang in this country when they hold their next meeting, just to show them how it works. It might both kill and cure.

Cameron thinks of putting up Beaver for governor again, next time, in consideration of his having agreed not to interfere with the senatorial election and to allow Don to have a walk over.

Neither congress or the state legislature has done any thing this winter, so far, to be worth mentioning. The heaviest performance has been drawing salary, and Flannigan would say "that's what we are here for."

Judge Furst occupies the bench this week, his first regular term. He presides with dignity and has the ability to make a good judge. Centre county is the mother of judges—we had the Burnsides, Hale, Linn, Orvis, Hoy and Furst, all within thirty years.

The Liberty bell has been sent to the New Orleans exhibition guarded by four policemen. A soft snap for the policemen. At Altoona about 8000 people had gathered in the vicinity of the depot to get a glimpse at the bell. General Owens delivered a short address.

A man in Grand Rapids, Michigan, got a verdict the other day for being kicked down stairs ten years ago. According to this a kicking down stairs, like wine, must improve in value on account of its age. Who wouldn't be kicked down stairs for $10,000.

New York has elected Mr. Evarts to the senate in place of Lapham. Evarts is a man of brains and will not be a pigmy in the senate.

Pennsylvania has re-elected Don Cameron, a political boss, and not a man of brains. What a contrast between the representatives of the two greatest states in the Union!

Business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days as reported to the mercantile agency of R. G. Dun & Co. numbered for the United States 371 and for Canada 40, or a total of 411, as compared with 420 last week and 457 the week previous to the last. The casualties are still unusually numerous in the western and southern states, and there is an increase in Canada. In other sections of the country the failures are about up to the average.

In the senatorial controversy in New York, among the scandals unearthed is the fact that in 1868 Jim Fisk and Jay Gould gave Wm. M. Evarts $70,000 for a legal opinion on which the Erie ring based their action which gave it control of the directory of the company. The exposure of a transaction where Evarts was claimed to have given corrupt advice for a princely fee saved a member of the Bar Association of New York from expulsion on a similar charge. The *World* makes a calculation and finds Evarts got $566 a word for his opinion.

Ten thousand men resumed work in the coal regions last week, being the miners and laborers employed by Pardee & Co., Coxe Brothers & Co., George B. Markle, Leisenring & Co., coal operators in the lower portion of Luzerne county, at a reduction of ten per cent. in wages. This order affects about 10,000 men who have signified their intentions to work rather than lay idle. In the Wilkesbarre section the large coal companies have already nearly filled their quotations for January, and little work will be done during the remainder of the month.

Further details of the devastation caused by the avalanches in the Piedmontese Alpse are coming in slowly, the telegraph lines being prostrated and the post roads blocked by snow in many places. A report from Bronasco states that nine persons were killed and many others injured in that village. At Chiabrandro every house was buried, and in some cases the masses of ice and snow covering the houses were twenty feet deep. The soldiers and the neighboring villages are laboring with desperate energy to rescue the survivors. Scores of dead bodies have been taken out, and in many cases they bear no marks of injury, showing that they must have been suffocated. Many of the survivers who have been rescued had been imprisoned in the narrow and partly wrecked cabins for several days, together with the corpses of their relations who had been killed. Relief trains have been sent from Turin.

Don Cameron made a good haul of suckers with his throw-net last week. He bagged the whole school of republican legislators at Harrisburg, save three, at one throw. This makes Don the republican boss of Pennsylvania for six years more at least and the Independents will be independent in vain. They deserted their colors at a period when active opposition to Cameron's re-election would have been effective. While the legislative nominations were being made throughout the state, Cameron was taking care that his friends were placed upon the ticket while the Independents stood indifferent thinking that Cameron was asleep and allowing his henchmen to put it out that he did not want a re-election—and thus did the Independents permit themselves to be hoodwinked.

You don't catch a Cameron naping, nary time, when a senatorship is lying around.

Thirty-nine lashes and the singing of an affidavit that he was a malicious liar is the penalty which G. W. Murphy has just paid in a Georgia town for slanderous remarks concerning a respectable lady. Murphy told a tale to several companions which was subsequently conveyed to friends of the lady. They decided to hold Murphy to account. He was first taken to the office of Clerk Phillsbury of the Supreme Court, where he affixed his signature to a card saying that what he had said was "a base and malicious falsehood." He was then taken to a secluded spot, where his shoulders being stripped, a cowhide was used with such effect as to draw yells from the wretch.

If all, male and female, of loose tongue were treated to a similar dose, it would be a blessing to a majority of neighborhoods, and the retailers of petty slanders would learn to bridle their tongues.

The temperance view of the "hard times" is taken as follows by the Boston *Traveler*: If the working people of this country want to know why they have hard times every few years we can tell them. It is not overproduction nor undercousumption, as those phrases are commonly employed. If they had kept the $90,000,000 they spent every year for strong drink in their pockets for the past five years of good times, the present temporary lull in manufacturing and business activity would find many of them able to bear it without being pinched for the necessaries of life. It is the overconsumption of whiskey that makes the underconsumption of food and clothing in this land of liberty and liquor. The annual bill for bread, meat, cotton and woolen goods of this great American people foots up a total of about $1,250,000,000. But the annual bill for whiskey, beer and the taxes thereon is $1,400,000,000. In other words it unnecessarily drank $150,000,000 worth more than it necessarily eats and wears. And the people who commit this folly every year are amazed that once in a few years they are hard up, and some want to hoist the communistic red flag and destroy everybody else's property because they have wasted their own share of the national substance in rye juice and other riotous fluids.

EXTREME COLD IN THE WEST.

Chicago, January 22.—The temperature in this city is gradually becoming warmer during the evening and shortly before midnight the thermometer marked eight degrees above zero. The continued cold has, however, inflicted much hardship upon the poor in this city. The effects in the surrounding country were even more marked. Specials to-night from points in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin speak of damage to stock, which in some sections was quite serious. Fruit in many places is thought to be killed and has suffered severely throughout all the territory named. Winter wheat, owing to the heavy covering of snow, is believed to be safe. Numerous instances of persons badly frozen have been developed near Decatur, Illinois, this morning when the mercury was 24 degrees below.

More than half of the wheat lands of the West and Northwest are mortgaged, the farmers paying 8 to 10 per cent. interest, and if the bonus paid for the loan is calculated, he is paying 11 to 13 per cent. These mortages were assumed on the basis of wheat at $1 per bushel. The effect of the immense decline in the price of wheat at the places of production is to increase the proportionate size of the mortgage. Many farmers are paying interest on interest, as they have borrowed to meet their payments. The money they received upon the mortgages has usually been spent in breaking the land and meeting the expenses of living, all of which were sealed up to correspond with the high pressure price of wheat. If wheat had continued high no doubt they would have been able to emerge solvent from under their load of debts. But as it is these farmers in the Northwest and West are borrowing money to live on and to meet the coupons on their mortgages by giving chattle mortgages on tools, grain and live stock. The strong demand for money at high rates in the wheat belt tells the whole story.

Considerable anxiety prevails in church circles at Rome over the alarming illness of the Pope. He is confined to his bed with fever, occasioned by a severe attack of rheumatism, and great fears are entertained lest the attack prove fatal.

DYNAMITE FIENDS AT WORK.

LONDON SHAKEN UP BY THEIR EXPLOSIVES.

Both Houses of Parliament and the Tower Shaken—Several Persons Injured—No Clue to the Perpetrators.

London, January 25.—The most daring and disastrous attempt upon the public safety yet made by the dynamiters, occurred yesterday afternoon. Three infernal machines at least, and perhaps four were exploded—one in the house of parliament, one or two in Westminster hall, which adjoins them, and one in the tower of London, four miles away down the Thames.

Saturday, when there is no session of parliament, is the usual visiting day at the houses of parliament. There were more yesterday than usually come, and the attendants recall that the number of women was unusually large, and that many of the women carried parcels upon which they seemed to bestow uncommon care. The suspicion has arisen that the seeming women were men in women's clothes, seeking an opportunity to deposit infernal machines and leave them to be fired by time fuses.

Mr. Edwin Green, a civil engineer, was visiting the houses of parliament on a sight seeing trip with his wife and sister, who, by the way, are both Irish women. They were in Westminster hall. As they were about going down the stairway leading to the crypt. Mrs. Green saw a parcel that looked like a roll of clothing lying on one of the stone steps. Smoke was issuing from the roll.

The party ran back, calling to the first policeman they saw. His name is Cole. He seized the bundle and ran up stairs with it, meaning to carry it out of the building. Just as he reached the top step leading into the hall he dropped the bundle and it exploded. The ladies were thrown to the ground, bruised, and half stripped. They both fainted. Mr. Green was hurled a dozen feet and dashed violently to the stone floor. Several of his ribs were broken, and his clothing was torn to tatters. Policeman Cole was fearfully wounded, and another constable named Cox, who came to his assistance, was almost equally injured.

A large quantity of explosive matter had been placed inside the great ornamental gates leading to the crypt under Westminster Hall. These gates were blown off their hinges and thrown to the ground. All the windows on the north and south sides of the immense building were blown to atoms. The concussion shook down from the grand oak roof of the hall the accumulated soot of centuries. This in its downward movement made such a dense cloud that the officers on guard became alarmed and dared not enter the room. In the lobby the splinters were for a time as thick as flaks in a blinding snow storm. They were propelled in many cases with dangerous force. They cut and ripped the leather from the seats and tore out and scattered the horse hair stuffings all over the house. A man who happened to be standing upon a scaffolding near the crypt when the explosion occurred was knocked forcibly to the ground. The great window over the main entrance to Westminster hall was smashed to atoms.

Three minutes had hardly passed when another explosion completely demolished the lobby of the house of commons in the parliament buildings adjoining and opening into Westminster Hall. Here the dynamite must have been deposited under the peers' gallery, back and to the left of the speaker's chair. Gladstone sits to the right of the speaker; Bradlaugh's favorite seat was to the left. The The explosion came from under either the peers' gallery or the strangers' gallery, still further to the left, and very close to the seat usually occupied by Mr. Bradlaugh when he visits the commons. The lobby was completely wrecked, the strangers' gallery was torn down, a chip was torn off the speakers' chair and Mr. Gladstone's seat was badly broken. The western extremity of the house is a total wreck. All the woodwork in that part of the building was shattered, and a wide hole was made through the floor. The gallery was displaced, even the solid stonework of the doorways was either pulverized or shifted from its position. Every pane of glass in the house was smashed to atoms. The gallery benches were overturned and broken and the gallery generally dismantled.

Had the commons been in session at the time of the explosion, it is believed that not less than 200 members would have been killed. This number would necessarily have included Gladstone and several of his ministers. Even more strange, if possible, than this is the fact that, under the same circumstances, neither Mr. Parnell nor any of his followers would have been injured at all, for recently they have been sitting on the opposite side of the house among the conservatives, and the tory quarters escaped almost undisturbed. The police affect to see in this singular coincidence a carefully planned warning to the government.

The glass roof of the house of commons was completely shattered. The clock in the house stopped at precisely 2:13 p. m. A heavy beam which formed one of the supports to the gallery, under which Charles Bradlaugh is accustomed to sit when he visits the house, was projected into the speaker's chair, seriously injuring it. The Statues of King William IV. and of King George IV., in Westminster hall, were overturned.

The explosion of the Tower of London occurred at exactly 2 p. m. According to the earlier reports it was the most successful which has yet been made upon any of the public buildings since the inauguration of the present era of dynamite warfare. The famous old building was crowded with visitors at the time of the explosion. The wildest rumors were circulated as to the number of persons who had been injured by the crime. These rumors were carried through the city and constantly exaggerated by the visitors. Up to 4 o'clock 16 persons had been officially reported injured. None of them mortally hurt.

An old subscriber of the REPORTER, clubbing with a new name, and sending us $5 in advance, will each get the REPORTER and the "Weekly World" 1 year.

THE EUROPEAN BED.

Let it be recorded that a room in a European hotel does contain a bed, writes a correspondent to *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*. When you hire a room you have to set up housekeeping for yourself, going out and purchasing soap, candles, comb and brush, letter paper, etc, (one usually prefers buying them outside of the hotel; but I believe the bed is usually included as a part of the furniture of the room. Whatever else there may be deficient, let it be set down that the bed is on hand. I have yet to discover a place, also, where a certain amount of water is not allowed to each hotel guest. Let justice be done though the heavens fall.

The continential bed is good enough, what there is of it, and there is enough of it, such as it is. There is not enough of it, such as it ought to be, however. In other words, it ends too quick. After testing several score of them, I am convinced that as a rule there ought to be a few more inches put on the average bed. To be sure, I can just manage to wedge myself in between the head-board and the foot-board, but I always think when I commit myself to the arms of Morpheus, what if I should swell up during the night like a soaked codfish under the influence of this lachrymal weather? And I am not a Titan in stature either.

But the chief feature of the continental bed against which I wish to launch the invectives of my outraged manhood is its quilt.

There is a sheet, a thin counterpane and then a slender, puffy quilt, filled with feathers, a little larger than a pillow. It is sufficiently warm and light, but so small that the least motion may jostle it overboard. You carefully poise this curiosity upon the pit of your stomach and then lie perfectly quiet for a few moments. The result is most gratifying. But presently you tire of this lying-still process, and discover that you are uncomfortable. This is an alarming discovery, for now you cannot be content until you have shifted your position, and the moment you do so that dumpling of a feathered quilt loses its equilibrium. Perhaps you get to sleep before any such accident occurs, which is a remarkable stroke of luck; but toward midnight you awoke to find that the aforesaid quilt had sauntered off into one corner of the room.

There is one remedy. You can get a dictionary and put it on top of the quilt; but this renders it impossible for you to breathe, and though it may be some satisfaction to you to have circumvented the obstinate quilt, it is quite inconvenient to be unable to breathe. Besides, the doctors say that it is not conductive to longevity to be deprived of the capacity to breathe.

TEETH.

In the case of the great saurian of the Nile, all that Aristotle tells us is borrowed from Herodotus, with the exception of the number of eggs it is said to lay; and it is curious to notice that he even tells the story of the little bird (*trochilos*) which eats the leeches out of the crocodile's mouth—a story long discredited, but which has been to a great extent corroborated by M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, the eminent French naturalist, who long resided in Egypt and had repeated occasions to ascertain that the story of Herodotus was correct, in substance at least. He found that a little bird, the black-headed plover, (*Pluvianus ægytius,*) flies incessantly from place to place, searching everywhere, even in the crocodile's mouth, for insects, such as gnats, which attack the great saurian in innumerable swarms, and entering his mouth, cover the inner surface of the palate with a brownish black crust. The little plover comes and delivers him from his troublesome enemies.

WHAT IS ZERO?

Perhaps not one in a hundred can tell off-hand why a point thirty-two degrees below freezing point on Fahrenheit's thermometer is called zero. For that matter, nobody knows. The Fahrenheit scale was introduced in 1720. Like other thermometric scales it has two fixed points, the freezing point, or rather the melting point of ice, and the boiling point of water. The Centigrade and Reaumur scales call the freezing point zero and measure therefrom in both directions. This is a very natural arrangement. Fahrenheit kept the principle on which he graduated his themometers a secret, and no one has ever discovered it. It is supposed, however, that he considered his zero—thirty-two degrees below freezing—the point of absolute cold or absence of all heat, either because, being about the temperature of melting salt and snow, it was the greatest degree of cold that he could produce artificially, or because it was the lowest natural temperature of which he could find any record. The grounds on which Fahrenheit put one hundred and eighty degrees between the freezing and boiling points are likewise unknown.

GRAVES IN THE CRIMEA.

Cathcart Hill has now become the one British cemetery. Extending from the Alma to Balaklava there were 139 burial places, and it was found impossible to look after them all, and now Cathcart Hill is to be taken care of as a monumental record of all the British who died in the Crimea. About 70 feet has been added all round to the old inclosure, and consecrated, and a substantial wall surrounds the space, with a house through which visitors pass into the cemetery. Capt. Harford, who acts as English Consul at Sebastopol, has taken a great interest in this work, and has got the place into very good order. A number of the principal monuments from the other cemeteries have been moved and placed on Cathcart Hill. It would be imposible now to move the bodies, but the headstone if placed in this new cemetry, will be safe from damage, and will be still records of those who fell. It is a heavy work to remove these headstones, and some have to be carried a great distance; it is to be hoped that a grant of money will be made to have this done now once and for all in a proper manner. For much less important objects money has been subscribed by the public, but if the Government did this part of the work, which is their duty, a monument should be erected on the spot to all who fell, and that might be done by public subscription. During the siege Cathcart Hill was the commanding point every one went to for the purpose of seeing Sebastopol and to get a glimpse of the operations. All knew it. It is still the spot where visitors go to see the ground of the great struggle. The piece of ground has been made over to the British Government, and a substantial and fitting monument on the historical ground would be a record of the past as well as a monument due to the memory of the brave who died. The Russians have done their duty in this respect to their dead and we should not be behind them. In addition to the memorial chapel in the Russian cemetery, a very fine new memorial church has been built in the middle of Sebastopol over the graves of four Admirals who were killed, or at leat died, in connection with the defense of the place. It was Admiral Lazereff who created Sebastopol; the fortress and the Black Sea fleet were produced under him. He is one of the four Admirals buried in the new church, and so proud are the Russians of the defense of Sebastopol that after the siege they erected a monument—a statue on a pedestal—to him in the midst of the ruins of the city he had founded. The statue is colossal and stands in front of the "White Buildings," overlooking the harbor. These "White Buildings," which were barracks, are still roofless and in ruins, and the figure of the Admiral, which is black, has rather a ghastly appearance with such surroundings.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

A tiger photographed in the very act of killing a buffalo is probably an occurrance unparalleled in the annals of the camera. Yet that such a photograph has actually been taken, is vouched for in the Indian press. The artist, it appears, had focused on the buffalo, which was tied for the occasion to a tree-stump in the middle of a field, and had just put a dry plate into the camera, when the tiger, brought up to the spot for the purpose, went at it, and struck down the great horned beast with a single blow of his right paw. "My instrument," says the photographer, "was about seven yards from the buffalo, and the tiger might just as well have come at me if he had chosen to do so, but he preferred the beef, and taking advantage of the moment he had sprung his victim, I released the spring shutter just as he had given the buffalo his knock-down blow."

The negative is good enough to give an authentic picture from the life of the most terrible of carniverous beasts at the precise moment when it had stunned its huge prey. The buffalo, though fatally struck, had not even had time to fall before the "sun picture" of its dying moments was fixed upon the faithful plate, and so there it stands with its knees just giving away under it, and its great head drooping in death. A quarter of a second later and it was lying on the ground lifeless; but on the photographer's glass it remains forever in the actual attitude of dying, and at the instant when it is drawing its last breath.

After slaying the buffalo, the tiger stretched its head round over the neck and, slipping its mouth down to the buffalo's throat, lay across it, sucking its life blood. This fact is an extraordinary one, for it has long been decided, upon what were considered indisputable observations, that the tiger never, by any chance, commenced its meal at the throat. Sometimes, if there were a fight, it would wound its adversary in that spot; but, as a rule, it trusts to its first blow to break its victim's neck, and then pulling it down on to the ground, begins to devour a portion of the hind quarters.

If you want to save money on bed blankets and haps, go to the Bee Hive.

HE GAVE HIS BROTHER POISON.

Kalamazoo, Michigan, Jan. 19.—Geo. and Ray Sweet, the little sons of Officer Sweet, were playing doctor yesterday afternoon, when George got on a chair and secured a package from the top of a clock he had seen his father put there a few days ago. He gave a portion to his brother for the stomach ache. Hearing groans, the mother rushed into the room and found Gray in convulsions on the floor. The remainder of the powder beside him was found to be strychnine bought to kill rats. The boy died in a short time.

MUST GO.

The horrible nauseous worm-seed compounds called vermifuges and worm syrups, many of them as worthless as they are obnoxious, have had their day. It is downright cruelty to compel a child to take them, when McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders, so easy to take that children will take them and never know that a medicine is being administered, can be procured for the small sum of 25 cents. Any case of failure to execute expulsion where worms exist, the money promptly refunded.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
Philadelphia, Agents.

THE GREAT ZINGARI

For toothache and neuralgia has no equal. Warranted. Only 15 cents at all drug stores. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

EXTREME COLD AT CHICAGO.

Chicago, Jan. 19.—This has been the coldest day of the year in this city. The thermometer ranged anywhere from 19 degrees to 30 degrees below zero, the signal service quoting 19 degrees below. The same condition of affairs prevails throughout the state. Winnepeg is quoted at 14 degrees below, Jamestown 16 below, Fargo 19 below, and St. Paul 19 below.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists. jan7y

CHILDREN BURNED AND A WOMAN SHOT.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 20.—A negro woman, Nancy Swayer, left two small children in a cabin, near Louisville, and went to a neighbor's house. In her absence the cabin and children were burned. Jane Finley, colored, was shot fatally at a dance to-night by her lover, whose name she refused to divulge.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, N. H. Downs' Elixir: "Why, my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I used it in my family; it always cures." Who can name another medicine with such a good record as this. Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are another good medicine; and Arnica and Oil Liniment is just what it is recommended to be. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. jan

WEDDED TO A CHILD OF TWELVE.

Gainesville, Ga., Jan. 19.—Nicholas Van Horn, a well-to-do farmer and widower, of Habersham, the father of two children, and over 36 years of age, was married to Miss Ivey, a child of twelve. During the ceremony the child began to sob, when the man patted her on the head in a fatherly manner and wiped away her tears with his big bandanna.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any wise interested, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre County, on Wednesday, the 28th day of January, A. D., 1885, for allowance and confirmation:

1 The account of Samuel Gramley, administrator of &c. of Daniel Conser, late of Miles township, dec'd.

2 The first and final account of John W Smith, administrator of &c. of James Mahaffey, late of Howard borough, dec'd.

3 The first and partial account of Clement Dale, administrator E. B. N. C. T. A. of &c. of David Etters, late of Benner twp., dec'd.

4 The account of Joseph W. Marshall, executor of &c. of Ann Cathcart, late of Benner township, dec'd.

5 The account of A W Ulrich, executor of &c of Samuel Grape, late of Penn township, dec'd.

6 The account of Peter Barefoot, administrator of &c. of Susan Lee, late of Potter township, dec'd.

7 The first and partial account of John P Harris, guardian of A. M. and Katura Barr, minor children of S L Barr, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.

8 The account of George Korman, guardian of Blanch L Korman, a minor child of Aaron Korman, dec'd, as filed by D W Garberick and S M Long, executors of George Korman, late of Gregg township, dec'd.

9 The account of George Korman, guardian of Julia Frazier, a minor child of Jonathan Frazier, dec'd, as filed by D W Garbrick and S M Long, executors of George Korman, late of Gregg township, dec'd.

10 The account of George Korman, guardian of Sarah E Jamison, a minor child of Mary E Jamison, dec'd, as filed by D W Garbrick and S M Long, executors of George Korman, dec'd.

11 The account of George Korman, guardian of Alfred T Korman, a minor child of Aaron Korman, late of Walker twp., dec'd, as filed by D W Garbrick and S M Long, executor of &c. of George Korman, dec'd.

12 The account of M L Rishel, administrator of &c. of Michael Schnitz, late of Gregg twp, dec'd.

13 The account of Jas. F. Weaver, Trustee to sell the real estate of John Shope, late of Boggs township, dec'd.

14 The account of James A Keller, administrator of &c. of Andrew Keller, late of Potter township, dec'd.

15 The second and final account of Peter Hoy and Benjamin Roush, trustees to sell real estate in partition of Jacob Hoy, late of Marion township, deceased.

16 The second and final account of Peter Hoy and Benjamin Roush, administrators of &c. of Jacob Hoy, late of Marion twp, dec'd.

17 The account of Adam Hoy and C Dale, Jr., executors of &c. of John Rockey, late of Spring twp, dec'd.

18 The account of Samuel M McMurtrie, administrator of &c. of Ann Eliza McMurtrie, late of Spring twp., dec'd.

19 The account of Andrew Brockerhoff, administrator de bonis non &c. of Felix Mullen, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.

20 The third and partial account of E. C. Humes and Adam Hoy, administrator of the Hon. James T. Hale, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd, as filed by Adam Hoy.

21 The second partial account of John P. Harris, administrator of &c. of Samuel Harris, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.

JAMES A. McCLAIN,
Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 29, '84. Register.

SUNSHINE COMES TO-MORROW.

Some days must be dark and dreary,
Some lives must be full of gloom,
Some hearts of their cares must weary,
Till they long for the rest of the tomb.

Some eyes must grow dim from weeping,
While others are glad and bright,
Some wake while others are sleeping—
Care free, until morning light.

O, well for the hearts which sorrow,
That the longed-for rest draws near,
And well that the sun to-morrow
May shine on the path now drear.

There are sunny isles in mid-ocean,
Where the myrtle and orange bloom,
Unheeding the wild commotion,
Or the depths which no stars illume.

As those isles to the ship-wrecked mortal
Tossed about on the ocean's crest,
So the entrance to Heaven's portal
Tells only of endless rest.

DOOMED BY THE DANITES.

Mormon missionaries are sent forth to all parts of the civilized world for the purpose of making converts.

When they have collected a sufficient number of such converts, they bring them to Salt Lake City.

Upon the arrival of the trains—which sometimes carry as many as 800 of these fresh Mormons—the apostles, Presidents of the various States in Zion, bishops and high priests, go down to the depot to "sample the lot," and especially to see if there are any young and blooming maidens in the invoice.

If any of these prominent saints are seeking for wives—as they generally are, they, on account of their prerogatives, are always allowed the first choice, while the rank and file of the Mormons who are inclined to further matrimonial enterprises must stand back until such dignitaries have made their selections and then choose from those that are left.

This is a very satisfactory arrangement to the higher priesthood and to the parents of girls, who regard it as a great honor to have their daughters united even by a Mormon marriage, to a "Father in Israel." But to the young men in the faith and to the maidens themselves the systsm is, to say the least, most disagreeable.

Not many years since, a Mormon emissary returned from Denmark with a large number of new converts.

On reaching Salt Lake City he found the dignitaries of the church, as usual, ready to welcome him.

In the company which he brought over was a beautiful girl named Anna Larsen.

She was soon so unfortunate as to attract the attention and admiration of one of the apostles, who was then at least sixty years old, and who lived many miles from Salt Lake City.

He could not speak Danish, nor could she speak English, but he made his offers and wishes known through the Danish Bishop, who expatiated upon the high and sudden honor that awaited her on becoming the twelfth wife of one of the highest dignitaries in Zion, as well as one of the wealthiest.

To his great surprise, however, she positively declined the tempting offer. Upon being pressed for reasons, she, not apprehending any danger, frankly admitted that she was betrothed to Svend Neilson, a young countryman of hers, who had come over in the same ship that she did; that she was deeply attached to him, and could under no circumstances think of breaking her engagement.

The perplexed bishop next sought Neilson, and found him to be a handsome and stalwart Dane. The former made several tempting offers to the young man providing he would quietly renounce all his claims upon the girl.

But all these offers were scornfully rejected.

The bishop became enraged. Such contumacy he had never beheld. The idea that anyone would dare to oppose the wishes of one of the twelve apostles had never entered his head.

He swore roundly at young Neilson, and threatened to cut him off from the saints.

The latter, not being well informed as to the ways of the country, incautiously replied that he did not care much for the saints, that it was Anna Larsen who had caused his coming to Utah.

The bishop then returned to the girl and attempted to influence her through fears for her lover.

But she, thinking all she had heard about his probable fate was told merely to frighten her, also remained obdurate.

Then the apostle, who was awaiting his young and lovely bride, had to be informed of the ill-success of his suit. His wrath at thus being thwarted was fierce, but he kept it in subjection.

He was a man of action, and of but few words. Immediately seeking the head of the Church, he succeeded in having a portion of the band of Danites placed under his orders.

The maiden, still unsuspecting, was, with a great show of kindness, offered a home with the bishop, while Neilson was promised work with another fellow-countryman, who lived but a few miles out of the city, and whom he accompanied that evening, intending as soon as he could procure steady employment to return and be married.

As the evening advanced, one of the bishop's daughters invited Anna Larsen to take a short walk.

She readily assented, and they strolled on until they reached the lonely suburbs of the town.

They were seated on a grassy bank talking of the Fatherland, when a covered wagon was driven up and two or three men jumped out; but as they appeared to be well known to her companion, Anna felt no alarm, until a blanket was thrown over her head, so as to strifle her cries, and she felt herself lifted from the ground and placed in the wagon.

Resistance against such a force was of course useless, and she remained quiet until she could fully recover herself.

The bishop's daughter, who had been used in the matter without her own knowledge, flew toward home, screaming for help.

She was soon met by her father, who told her to keep still, or that something even worse might happen to her.

She well knew the meaning of that, and that all efforts of hers in behalf of the captive would prove unavailing.

Weeping bitterly for the crime in which she had unwittingly aided, she stole away from her unscrupulous parent.

Anna Larsen rode on quietly in the darkness, until the limits of the town were passed and the wagon had reached the open country.

Then the blanket was removed from her head.

"Where are you taking me?" she inquired, in Danish.

"Oh, to one of the nicest places in Utah!" replied a man in the same tongue.

"But where are we going?" she demanded.

"I suppose she might as well know now, Brother Jones," the man said.

"Yes," replied another, who appeared to be the leader of the party.

"Then, Sister Larsen, I may as well tell you that we are taking you up to Brother Jones'. He is one of the twelve apostles, and has a mighty fine place. He is going to marry you tomorrow, and then you will be about as nicely settled as any young woman in the country.

"But I'll never marry him—no, never! never!" shrieked Anna.

"Oh, yes, you will! You are not used to the ways of this country yet," answered the man, soothingly.

"No, nor I never will be. I tell you, I'll die before I marry that old wretch!"

"Hush!" said the man, in a frightened tone. "He is right here in the wagon; but then he can't understand you. I forgot that."

The girl began to intercede and expostulate with the man called Brother Jones, whom she now knew was the one who had first sent the bishop to her with an offer of marriage, and her heart lost all its courage. Still, she begged and entreated to be set at liberty—the first speaker interpreting as well as he could and as far as he dared; but the great apostle remained immovable, except that he uttered occasionally the words:

"She'll get over this spasm before long."

Just as the day was breaking, they approached a handsome Mormon town, and driving up the main street stopped before a large, but irregularly built stone house. It was situated in an extensive garden and orchard, and was surrounded by a high stone wall.

As the wagon stopped, an iron gate swung open as if by some mysterious power; but before the wagon was taken through, Anna, now nearly desperate, yet hoping that some one might have compassion on her, suddenly sprang from it, and ran swiftly down the street. Her efforts were, however in vain.

Two men quickly followed her. One was very fleet of foot. He soon seized her, and held her until the other came up. Then the blanket was again thrown over her, and she was borne into the apostle's house when the covering was removed from her head.

She was asked to go upstairs, but she refused to move. Again she was lifted by the men, borne upstairs, and through a long hallway into a little room or dungeon.

She saw at a glance that the walls were of stone, that the small and only window to the apartment was grated, and that a chain was fastened to an iron staple in the wall by one end; from the other a small steel bracelet was hanging.

"Better any fate than this," she thought.

The apostle had followed her, and as the men placed her on her feet she drew from her bosom a stiletto and with it struck at the breast of the saint.

The men cried out, but Jones, who had been coolly watching her, struck the weapon from her hand, and immediately encircled her wrist with the steel manacle just mentioned, while he remarked:

"I never failed yet in subduing a rebellious spirit."

The fate of Svend Neilson was more tragic. On the evening first mentioned, after reaching the ranch of his friend—who like the bishop's daughter, was used as an unwitting instrument in the perpetration of crime—he was given a good supper, and was then asked to walk out to look at some cattle.

As they were viewing the stock, a party of horsemen were seen galloping up the road.

The ranchman saw nothing strange in this, and went on talking.

Neilson inquired who they were.

"Oh, some cattle men!" was the reply.

The party by this time had ridden up. Two or three men dismounted, for the purpose apparently of looking more closely at the cattle.

But before the ranchman could recognize any one, he and Neilson were knocked down. The former was stunned and left lying by a fence, but the latter was gagged, his hands were tied behind him, and he was placed upon a horse, under which his feet were fastened.

The party then set off at a gallop. Neilson tried to cry out, but could only make a gurgling sound. He could hear, however, muttered in his own language, the words. "apostate, spy, Gentile and renegade!"

The company followed a lonely road until they came out on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. The moon was just rising from a bank of clouds, and Svend could see that it was one of the most dreary places that he had ever visited. It fully convinced him of the purpose of his captors. Before he had some slight hopes of escape; but now he prepared to meet his fate.

The party dismounted, and fastened their prisoner to a tree. Then a brawny Dane approached. Holding a long knife in his hand, he exclaimed:

"So shall be done unto the ears that listen not to the gospel," and then cut off both of the ears of his victim.

"And so," he continued, "shall be done unto the member that blasphemes our holy religion," as he proceeded deliberately to cut out the prisoner's tongue. "And so shall perish every apostate and spy," he added, as he finally drove his knife into the sufferer's heart.

One of the party produced a large sack, in which the body of Svend Neilson was placed; several large stones were added, a boat was brought from behind a point, the sack was placed in it, and then taken some distance from shore and dropped into the cold waters of the great inland sea, where many other victims of the Danites have also found a resting-place.

The party then returned to shore, drank from a bottle of "valley tan" confusion to all their enemies and galloped away to Salt Lake City.

Life in Florida.

The native Florida "Cracker" keeps up on salt pork, sweet potatoes, grits, corn bread, coffee, and for a relish, sugar cane syrup; and he eats, if he can get it, fully one-third more at a meal than the laboring man of the East, North or West. The result of this gross living is an unhealthy disposition of body, a bloodless face, and children the color of death with unnatural appetites. We have seen them chewing and eating clay, mud, cement and other things, and it is not uncommon for death to be caused from such practices. Many are too poor to live even as well as this. The pork not imported is obtained from the "razorback" hogs, which run almost wild in the country, and are as big a nuisance as can be imagined. They are an inferior breed descended, it is said, from old Spanish stock, and are seen in droves tearing through the woods, breaking into plantations and doing more damage to property than they are worth. They have long gaunt bodies with a head like a monster pike, and each one bears on the ear the owner's "mark" which varies from a fine pointed star to a peculiar slit. It would be a good thing for everybody if the legislature should pass a law banishing them altogether, or prohibiting them being allowed to run at large.

Jannary.

This month takes its name from Janus, one of the Gods of Pagan mythology, He was usually painted with two faces, with one of which he was thought to look back upon the old year, and forward with the other to the new. The Roman year originally commenced in March; it had but ten months until Numai Pompilius, who died 672 B. C., added January and February. January is usually the coldest month of the twelve, hence the adage.

"As the day lengthens.
So the cold strengtoens."

Phosphate Rock.

South Carolina has a small amount of nearly all of the minerals, but the only mining done there which amounts to any great value to the State is the digging of phosphate rock. The State receives a royalty of $1 per ton on all rock mined in a navigable streams, and this royalty is said to furnish one-fifth of the whole revenue of the State.

Goggs makes it a point never to pay his butcher's bill. "Why," he says, "if I paid for a beefsteak, for instance, it would be mine, and I should be loath to eat it. A man does not care to dine off his own flesh and blood."

Some one has beautifully said that sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise and being as we appear.

"We are all in the same boat," said Amy to Mildred. "Yes," assented the High School girl, "we have all embarked in one marine vehicle."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

All bow to Virtue, and then walk away.

He is well pleased who is well satisfied.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

I love you well, but touch not my pocket.

No one can be taught faster than he can learn.

Violence is the argument of the wrong party.

Honest as the cat when the meat is out of reach.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.

The chestnut is for the man who takes its shell off.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul.

If an ass goes a traveling he will not come home a horse.

One of the sublimest things in this world is the plain truth.

More hope for a fool than for one wise in his own conceit.

Irreproachable manners and a good life are man's true nobility.

He hath a good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own.

Good will, like a good name is got by many actions, and lost by one.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

The world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded.

Pride is the consciousness of what one is, without contempt for others.

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of a man's own.

Learn as if you were to live forever, live as if you were to die to-morrow.

Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides.

There are people who feed themselves on their grief until they get fat on it.

I had rather preserve the life of a citizen than destroy a thousand enemies.

The cup of pleasure sometimes has dregs that one must drink long afterwards.

Not to believe in others, not to trust in others, is to reduce life to a mean habit.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.

Animals are such agreeable friends! They ask no questions; they pass no criticisms.

Disparage and depreciate no one; an insect has feeling and an atom a shadow.

Whatever we may pretend, interest and vanity are the sources of most of our afflictions.

They are all discoverers that think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.

To parents nothing marks so impressively the flight of time as the growth of their children.

You cannot bring the best out of a man unless you believe the best is somewhere in him.

High positions are like the summit of high, steep rocks; eagles and reptiles alone can reach them.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want at home, but because home lacks sunshine.

A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but on his own side.

He who seeks exclusively his own interests will never find them, for they lie not in the path he is pursuing.

The most scalding of all tears are those that flow inward through the soul, not outward down the cheek.

A great peril, safely passed, instantly sheds on all commoner hardships a strange light of comfort and peace.

Delay and procrastination, indolence, and indecision, are effectual robbers of time and defrauders of men's purposes.

Work and relation are both means to the same great end—the perfection of individual happiness and national welfare.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

It is more disgraceful to mistrust one's friends than to be deceived by them: our mistrust justifies the deceit of others.

Even a fool does not choose a fool for a favorite. He knows better than that; he must have something to lean against.

Many people use expensive articles of food and dress when cheaper ones would be in every way better, and more serviceable.

We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense except those who agree with us in opinion.

It is one of the most promising traits of human nature that heroic unselfishness always enkindles the enthusiasm of mankind.

How many plans for God's glory have fallen to the ground which a bright look or a kind word would have propped up!

Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive whatsoever.

"He is indeed a very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or effects a general and undisguised applause among men."

Feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a want; and it is worth while to feel it a little in order to feel the relief from it.

Stories heard at mother's knees are never wholly forgotten. They form a little spring that never quite dries up in our journeying through scorching years.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Two weeks ago a heavy stone bracket on the Court House at Chicago, being affected by the frost, fell from its position, carrying with it a portion of one of the balconies. On the 10th, another bracket, weighing 25 pounds, tumbled down, barely missing a passerby; the whole cornice of the building is declared to be in a very dangerous condition.

—Governor Marmaduke, of Missouri, was inaugurated on the 12th, at Jefferson City.

—A boiler in Fishbarn's phosphate works, near Jacksonboro, South Carolina, exploded on the 12th, injuring eight men, one of whom, named T. E. Thames, is not expected to recover.

—A "cyclone" passed through Hale, Perry and Bibb counties, in Alabama on the 11th. Its path was about a mile in width, and its direction from southwest to northeast. Trees and fences were levelled, several houses and mills were wrecked, a man was killed and a woman received dangerous injuries.

—The Susquehanna river at Wilkesbarre has fallen rapidly since the 11th. A large force of men has been at work cutting a passage through the cakes of ice piled up between Wilkesbarre and Kingston. Travel along the lowland roads has been resumed after a fortnight's suspension.

—Twelve Clydesdale horses, which escaped from a pasture in Clark county, Ohio, on the 10th, were run down in a railroad cut, by a fast train, and eleven of them were killed, the twelfth being badly injured. The speed of the train prevented it from being ditched. The horses was valued at $2,200.

—At Springfield, Illinois, on the 14th E. M. Haines, who had been elected temporary Speaker of the House, went to the office of the Secretary of State, and was sworn in by a Notary Public as Speaker of the House. When the House met in the afternoon he refused to entertain a motion from the Democrats to proceed to a permanent organization, and delivered a long address to prove that he was permanent Speaker. "It was a constitutional office, which could only be vacated by his voluntary resignation or impeachment." After great confusion the House adjourned.

—A cable despatch from Rome, on the 14th, says; "The Pope is now engaged in preparing a special letter, in which he will congratulate Archbishop Gibbons, as well as all the Bishops recently assembled in Baltimore in Plenary Council, upon the issue of their deliberations and upon the harmony and unity with which the conclusions of the Council were reached. It is generally believed here, as has been said in the *Baltimore Sun*, that Archbishop Gibbons will be Created a Cardinal in May next."

—The tolls on the Brooklyn Bridge, at New York, have been reduced, the reduction to take effect on March 1st. To foot passengers 25 tickets will be sold for 5 cents, and the car fare will be 3 cents per head.

—Schuyler Colfax, ex-Vice President of the United States, dropped dead in the railroad depot at Mankato, Illinois, on the 14th. He was in the 58th year of his age. General William Steele, an ex-Confederate army officer, died in San Antonio, Texas, on the 12th. He was a native of New York.

—An unknown Italian was killed by a passenger train on the Schuylkill Valley Railroad, near Norristown, on the 14th, and at the same time another passenger train fatally injured Michael Dalton, of Reading. Both men were employes of the road. A young man named Scanlan, a resident of Trenton, New Jersey, was killed by a train on the Belvidere Delaware road, near Greensburg, on the 14th.

—The boiler of the steam saw mill of J. R. Williams, near Smithfield, Ohio, burst on the 14th, killing two men, John and Hiram Evans, and a boy named William Armstrong. F. G. Evans and Walter Morrison were dangerously injured. It is said "there was too much mud in the boiler."

—The State Grand Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen met on the 14th in Pittsburg. 175 delegates were present.

—The dead body of Captain Earle, foreman of the pile drivers on the Government work in the Arkansas river, was found on the 11th in a ditch near Pine Bluff. He had evidently been robbed and murdered.

—It is reported that the striking miners at Shawnee, in the Hocking Valley, have posted a notice requesting men "to enlist in companies of 300, to take part in a grand exhibition drill, at New Straitsville." This move is interpreted by the operators to mean preparations for an tatack on their guards.

—About 200 of the employes of the Oliver Chilled Plough Works, at South Bend, Indiana, struck on the 12th, for higher wages. On the 13th the strikers marched to the works in a body and compelled all the rest of the employes to quit. The malitia were called out and fifteen of the strikers were arrested and lodged in jail under guard.

—At the Solway Process Soda Ash Works, near Syracuse, New York, a large distilling vessel, weighing four tons, exploded early on the 14th, and was thrown seventy-five feet into the air. It fell back into the main building, carrying down the roof and damaging the machinery, causing a loss estimated at $100,000. Seven workmen were scalded and injured by flying missils, one of them dangerously.

—John P. Jones was on the 13th, re-elected United States Senator by the Nevada Legislature. In the Senate he received 13 votes to 5 for Keating, Democrat, and in the House 32 votes to 8 for Keating. The Republican caucus of the Connecticut Legislature nominated Orville H. Platt for re-election as United States Senator. The Democrats complimented William H. Barnum with their nomination. There is a Republican majority of 82 on joint ballot in the Legislature. In the Illinois House of Representatives on the 14th, the Democrats made another fruitless attempt to oust Mr. Haines from the temporary Speakership and proceed to a permanent organization. Finally an adjournment was taken until he 15th.

—Matters were quiet on the 14th in the Hocking Valley, Ohio. Governor Hoadley has sent Assistant Adjutant General Dill and Mine Inspector Bancroft into the Valley to make an investigation and report to him the true situation. They are now making a tour of the mining towns. A number of striking miners, who have been seen, claim that they received no notice to form military companies, such as was posted at Shawnee.

—The health of City Justice Waite is reported to be slowly improving. He expects to leave Washington for the South next week, to seek the benefit of a milder climate.

—The annual meeting of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of Baltimore was held on the 14th The following officers were elected; President, Henry C. Smith; Vice Presidents, John F. Hunt, D. J. Foley, Germon H. Hunt and W. T. Dixon; Treasurer, William H. Jones, and twenty-five Directors.

—The dry goods store of S. H. Myers, in Agusta, Georgia, was damaged by fire on the 14th to the extent of $50,000. The pork packing establishment of James Morrison & Sons, in Cincinnati, was damaged on the 13th by a fire caused by the explosion of a rendering vat. Loss $50,000. A fireman had his arm broken.

—A pile of commercial fertilizers at the works of Wilcox, Gibb & Co., near Charleston, South Carolina, caved in on the 14th crushing to death two colored laborers, and injuring a third.

—A heavy snow storm set in at Chicago on the 15th. At Midnight six inches of snow had fallen.

—The Republican caucus of the Pennsylvania Legislature in Harrisburg, on the 15th, nominated J. Donald Cameron for re-election as United States Senator on the first ballot. The vote stood: Cameron, 116; Beaver, 39; Kelly, 5; Grow, 5; George Shiras, Jr., 1. The nomination was made unanimous.

—Rev. Dr. Amos C. Beach, a well known Episcopalion minister, died on the 18th at Ithaca, New York. He was stricken with apoplexy in church last Sunday.

The President nominated William A. Richardson to be chief Justice of the Court of Claims in place of Drake, resigned, and John Davis to be assistant Justice of the same court in place of Richardson. Mr Davis is assistant Secretary of State.

—A general cut-down in wages, to take effect this month has been agreed upon by mills in Lawrence and Lowell in Massachusets, and Manchester, in New Hampshire. Nearly all the mills in Lawrence, including the Pacific, are in the agreement.

—Oliver Brothers & Phillips, the well-known iron manufacturers of Pittsburgh, suspended on the 15th. Their Liabilities are estimated at $5,000,000, but they say that, with some indulgence, they believe their assets will pay every dollar of their indebtedness.

—John J. Cisco & Co., bankers of New York, made an assignment on the 15th. Their liabilities are estimated at $2,500,000; assets about the same.

—Governor Hughes of Arkansas, was inaugurated on the 15th. In his inaugural he suggests the funding of the undisputed debt in 20-year bonds, urged the holding of State and National elections at the same time, and favors the establishment of a State Bureau of Agriculture.

—At Everson, Penna., early on the 15th, a gang of masked ruffians entered the store of Keck Brothers, where Adam Keck was sleeping. They bound and gagged him and then beat him over the head with a club, crushing his skull. Keck's brother arrived and scared off the burglers, who, however, secured a large amount of booty. A man was arrested at Derry the same evening and taken back for identification.

—Ex-Governor St. John has written a letter to a Prohibitionist of Worcester, Massachusetts, in which he says: "The whole story to the effect that I, or the Prohibition Committee, have received a single penny, pledge or promise from the Democratic or any other party, in connection with the campaign, except my personal expenses, paid by the Prohibition Committee, is infamously and maliciously false.

—The testimony in the Swaim Court-martial case, at Washington, ended on the 15th, and argument was begun.

—T. S. Wellden and wife, a young couple, were drowned on the 6th while fishing from a boat near Altoona, Alabama. Charles Saylor, foreman of the Lehigh Valley car repair shops at Glendon, stepped out of his office there on the 15th as a train went along, and was struck and killed by the first car.

A bill was offered by Mr. Grady, of Philadelphia, supplying a deficiency, etc. The bill provides for paying the deficit of $14,000 in the pay of the Orphans' Court Judges of Philadelphia, Allegheny, Luzerne and Berks counties, which occurred at last session. The consideration of Mr. Agnew's resolution on the election of a United States Senator was resumed. Senator Cooper of Delaware, facetiously moved their reference to a committee to consist of the Democratic Senators. After a long debate, Mr. Cooper withdrew his motion to refer. The question being on agreeing on the resolution, a vote resulted, yeas 3, nays 21. The Democratic members did not vote. No quorum having responded no result was reached. The yeas were Messrs. Agnew, Emery and Williams. The Speaker announced the following appointments: Chaplain—Rev. Mr. Feight, of Cumberland county. Janitors—Wm. Morgan, of Allegheny; S. P. Kemp, of Lawrence; Christian Yager, of Blair; J. N. Brewster, of Delaware; Charles Smith, of Philadelphia. Fireman—John Terry, of Bradford; Joseph Edwards, of Schuylkill.

GARDEN SONG.

Here, in this enchanted close,
Bloom the hyacinth and rose,
Here, beside the homely stocks,
Flaunt the flaming hollyhocks;
Here, as everywhere, one sees
Ranks, conditions and degrees.

All the seasons run their race
In this narrow garden space;
Grape and apricot and fig
Here will ripen and grow big;
Here is store and overplus—
More had not Alcinous.

Here, in alleys cool and green,
Far ahead the thrush is seen:
Here along the southern wall
Keeps the bee his festival;
Quiet here doth reign; afar
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here are shadows large and long;
Here are spaces meet for song;
Grant, O Powers benign, that I,
Now that none profane is nigh,
Now that mood and moment please,
Find the fair Pierides!

A DANGEROUS LOVE.

A winter day; a cold sky full of snow dancing down in joyous vivacity, to cover, with negligent charity, the ugly little town and hide its curious air of incompletion. The walls of adobe and stone, incongruities of design, the irregular, uneven streets full of rocks in the rough, together with hill-setting of numerous abandoned prospect-holes and rudimentary tunnels, gave a whimsical suggestion that Titans had left unfished a town that had been cutting out from the earth's raw material.

This was the outside aspect as seen through a pair of tall windows, with curtains stretched back to gather every ray of light from the dark dull sky. That night, scant as it was, brought out the home-like cheer within. The warm red of carpet and casual fittings comforted the eye. At the windows broad shelves full of plants that gave the sole suggestion of luxury, barring the aromatic brilliancy of a fragrant cedar fire. A room of whose possibilities the most had been made, full of the personalities of its tenants; a room where a man was very apt to get a sense of repose and ministration—chief requirements of the masculine nature.

Edward Lamb found its effects like that, leaning at ease in a homely big chair that had the knack, like all the chairs at this house, of fitting the human frame. A large, fair man, slightly inclined to stoutness, he was of that type of Irish beauty that involves wholesome, clear skin, flushed with delicate rosiness, abundant blonde hair and deep blue eyes, with more sleepy tenderness than was strictly behind their long, thick lashes.

"I'm very fearful I'm in for another fortnight," he said; "not much chance of the roads opening while this sort of thing goes on."

Miss Soulsby left the window and came back to her low seat on the hearth laughing. The impatience of his words was so completely at variance with the deliberation and contentment of his tone.

"Possess your soul in patince," she said. "It is only a question of days for you, and then—" She made an expressive little gesture of farewell and departure.

"And you?—are not you coming East some day?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a certain blithe skepticism, "when we sell a mine."

Mr. Lamb smiled at her satirical touch upon the sanguine creed of the camp. "Ledyard was wondering what could keep me here," he said, inconsequently; "a Bohemian born, for whom the noise of cities is as the breath of life."

Madelon Soulsby looked at him intently. "Well," she said, a little sharply, "what has kept you?"

And yet he knew that she was perfectly aware what had kept him. Idlers both, they could hardly have counted the long companionable afternoons they had spent together that winter. The little town was agog with the Irishman's infatuation. It would have needed more than their joint asseveration to have convinced the gossips that between these two no love-making had been.

"Yes, I ought to have gone last week," he said, ignoring her audacity, "when Ledyard went."

"Why did you not go?" she persisted.

The household cat had leaped upon her lap—a vicious big beast, whose claws had a wicked way of unsheathing themselves upon fondling fingers. Mr. Lamb found himself dwelling on the fact that he never had seen Dick so requite Miss Soulsby's careless endearments. The lazy creature laid himself luxuriously across her knees, like a great gray muff, as the girl nestled her hands on his warm fur—delicate hands those, always cold; not clammy, but cold with a firm and reticent force of their own.

Some day—it may be made a penal offense—their exercise of this capacity some women have for indirect challenge; this tacit wooing that perhaps overweighs a man's prerogative of outspeaking.

Edward Lamb was a phlegmatic man enough ordinarily, and little given to impulses; but just now he would have bartered his soul's salvation for the right to displace Dick's parted fur with his own handsome fair head, to feel that caressing touch press down his throbbing eyelids. To his dying day he would not forget the picture that instant photographed on the retina of his heart. For him, hereafter, no wonder of art or revelation of living beauty could dispel the memory of the graceful, girlish shape whose quietude told of repression, not inertia; the air of absolute self-confidence and cool, impartial self-disdain; the bright face, with that mocking phase of mingled wooing and warning; the grave, childish wistfulness on that rounded brow; the sweet lips just now curved in scorn; the intent amber eyes.

Mr. Lamb averted his gaze, and took up a novel from a couch in the ingle nook. By the malignity of that perverse fate which misregulates to inopportunity these crucial moments, it was a novel treating of the domestic adventures of a young journalist and the pathetic small economies of his wife. Both had read the tale; inevitably their comments must partake of sentimental coloring.

"Is it the manlier way," said Mr. Lamb, with a fine air of unconcern and indifference, "to offer a woman such a life as that?—or would one better protect her from self sacrifice by keeping silence?"

That man is most fatuous who fancies that a woman will not make instant personal application of such a speech. An exasperating smile of discernment bent Miss Soulsby's lip.

Men have the prerogative of committing any madness," she said; "with women rests the veto power of self-protection against such insanity."

"Are you so worldly?"

"I may well be," said the girl, bitterly; "I have known privation all my life long—that teaches the true value of this world's goods."

Involuntary his gaze fell straight upon her garb—soft, rich gray, its outlines defined here and there by broad bands of gay Roman stripe in some velvet-looking woolen fabric.

"I cannot conceive you having known the need of money," he said: "few women are dressed like that——" He stopped, becoming conscious how pointed was his speech.

"Few are," she asserted, laughing, "happily for themselves and the peace of their households. I see. You like my frock—men are so short-sighted—blind bats! You like it, and why? Because it is nicely proportioned, and it is true to its purpose. Do you see? She held her drapery forward naively. "This is a frock for the house—not the sort of costume one would wear on the street. Harmony, adabtability, that is it, not elegance. The whole thing cost me—three dollars."

"What!"

"It is quite true. I paid that for the gray flannel. The bright stripe was the best portion of a worn-out shawl, and I had the buttons," with an air of triumphant conclusion.

Mr. Lamb found something very brave and very pathetic in the simplicity and detail of this confession. This endurance of vanity's mortification appeared heroic as contrasted with the lavish expenditure of other woman far less lovely and worthy. But then, men usually are willing to concede great virtue to the practicality that achieves sightly results. If Miss Soulsby's attire had been unbecoming, or if Miss Soulsby's self had been less pleasant to the eye, no doubt her exposition of ways and means might have seemed sordid and revolting in the extreme. Also, some allowance must be made for the attitude of delightful intimacy implied in confidence on a topic so nearly personal as this of toilet matters. Altogether, many things go to modify the triviality in value of discussions—between woman and man—on puerile themes.

"I thank you," said Edward Lamb, almost reverently.

"But this is all in the worst possible taste," said Miss Soulsby, briskly; "sooth to say, I am in a huge fit of disgust—thanks, no doubt, to the weather. All this might look far more endurable by a warmer light," with a disdainful gesture, comprehending the whole room, with its cheery make-shift decorations. "Do you know," she went on, while the man sat speechless before her daring—or her innocence, as might be—"I have lately discovered in my nature a vein of strong sensuousness, much to my surprise; for I had fancied myself rather an ascetic person. But no! I delight in pleasant sounds, I feast on beauteous sights, I revel in agreeable odors. Can anything thrill the soul like delicious scents?—the touch of grateful texture charms me!"

She put the gray cat suddenly down upon the red brick hearth, as if with it she decisively set apart poverty, economy and all sordid and distasteful things. Leaning forward, she stretched her curving hands toward the leaping flame.

"I could never be completely happy while cold," she said, nor utterly miserable with my body clad in warmth. Oh, I do understand how people can sell love and liberty—yes, and honor—for luxury."

Where was the reserved and maidenly companion of a moment since with her chaste cameo face and unresponding fingers? This was a young Lamia, full of all sensuous longing, open and unconcealed. Edward Lamb sprang to his feet, and whirling toward the fire, tore from his bosom a letter he had hidden there. All day it had burned there in his breast, full of its own admonition.

"I would have put it in her hands," he told himself between the muffled plunges of his heart, "but now there is no need. Her own speech has taught me what she feels." He dropped the letter between the cedar logs, with a very storm of passions and temptations warring within him. And yet—so speedily, so silently, are made the decisions that determine the human destinies!—before the curled and crackling ash flew upward, black and writhing, a strange revulsion of feeling swept over him, and he loathed himself for the sin he would have done.

He turned reluctant eyes on Madelon Soulsby, afraid and ashamed; and behold she sat unconscious and composed as some young saint, her grave brow serious and calm, her delicate hands folded, almost as if for prayer. Had Mr. Lamb come very near making a mistake?

Does a man live who can battle with temptation and overcome it, and then adandon the field without further dalliance with evil? Is that we like to parade our power and make show of our strength?

"What a little creature you are?" said Edward Lamb. "How tall, definitely? Stand up and let me see.

He put out his hand as if to raise her from the chair but drew back short of her finger tips. For his life he dared not now presume by so much as that slight touch. She stood up as simply as a child.

"What was it that Orlando said about his lady's stature?"

"'Just as high as my heart—she barely breathed the words, yet with exquisite tenderness, inclining her head with a movement unspeakably sweet and shy, until her cheek bent just above his throbbing heart, yet quite apart from him."

But before he hair was stirred by the sigh from his drooping lips, she sprang back like a creature at bay, her brow knit in a frown, her eyes blazing with indignation and reproach.

"How dare you!" she cried. "What a pitiful pretext! How ingenious! How full of courage!"

What wonder that the fair Irishman blushed for his own poor ruse, to bring her near him for a moment. Was this acting? Had she only affected just now to discover his motive? Was his ardor answered by wild rapture in her own undisciplined heart? Or was she like some fair saint, far above the comprehension of earthly passions? Could she have used ignorantly the dangerous phraseology of evil, as a child might play unwittingly with engines of destruction—each innocently vain of its fancied knowledge?

"Come in!" Miss Soulsby's sweet voice followed a knock at the door.

Mr. Lamb's associate came into the room.

"Ledyard telegraphs that the line is open now, and a party is starting out. You have not a moment to spare. No one knows how long we may be shut in here, once the spring thaws set in."

And so, before the curious scrutiny of this observer, they closed the day and bade each other but a formal adieu.

Mr. Edward Lamb brought to its close a letter, sitting in the reading-room of a hotel in the city at the western seagate. Sundry influences had delayed its completion; he had just come to the end of his trans-continental trip; a certain sense of freedom and elation was still new enough to intoxicate him, heart and brain; he could not put out of his mind his sensation, when, crossing the bay from the train, he first caught sight of the city looming ahead like some mighty monster in bronze. And an acquaintance he had made restrained him for a time.

He was but just putting pen to paper when he was greeted by a fellow journalist, who presently introduced Mr. Lamb to a man sitting near; a man whose name stands historic in the records of the state, whose position and great wealth might have commanded the younger men's attention. Beyond these his interest had been won by the mellow wisdom and gentle shrewdness of his quiet, kindly potentate, who, as per the Pacific journalists dictum, "owned half a county."

Even now, despite the vital interest of the lines he was writing Mr. Lamb found his mind and his eyes straying toward his neighbor. The fine, small head, venerable with its scant, white hair and flowing gray beard, was in relief against the wall, that threw up all its wholesome freshness and calm benevolene. Mr. Lamb found a sort of fascination in this contemplation, and divided his attention pretty equally between the gentleman and the letter.

As he folded the sheet he lifted his eyes toward the general staircase; coming down from the floor above was the woman he was addressing.

Self-possessed and easily poised, she came toward him with the old free step and the old impenetrable challenge on brow and lip—a little warmer of tint, a little brighter of eye than when they parted. It was only when she had come very close to him that he noted the exceeding richness of her attire, worn with the same careless grace as the old-time flannel.

"She does become fine raiment!" his thought exulted, "and yet she would not seem *endimanchee* in cloth of gold."

She paused beside his chair, and looked straight into his kindling deep blue eyes with her own unwavering gaze.

"To think I meet you here," he said: "I was sending you a letter to El Paraiso—see! Take it—read it now! Incoherent as it is, it will speak as my lips cannot."

He put the paper into her reluctant hand.

"I would better not read it, I think," she said, gently; let me explain first—"

"Read!" he said, almost fiercely, and she read slowly down the page:

It was a year since I have heard one word of you (the letter ran, with that abrupt beginning which signifies absolute absorption) when Ledyard, writing, mentioned casually that in passing through El Paraiso he had met you there. The next day I started west again. I am here, but I dare not go farther until I send in advance my explanation—not an excuse, mind—for what seemed a cruel and cowardly retreat when we parted out yonder—you remember the bleak and hopeless day. The fight I fought that afternoon has disabled me ever since; but also it has strengthened me. Can you understand that! No; no woman can understand what it meant to have you there before my eyes, within reach of my arms, and to leave you. To know your sordid surroundings, to hear of your privations, to see you beating your wings against your prison bars, and to know that the pleasures and luxuries I would have heaped upon you I must render in unwilling tribute to a woman I abhorred. You do not know—no one on this side knew—that I had a wife. I married her in London when I was just of age. She was an honest woman—I would have divorced her else; but her coarse and vulgar nature made my life a hell. I gave up everything and came over to New York. She was nestled in luxury and you were in actual want! Now you understand the temptation I battled with out yonder. I had a wild dream of carrying you away with me. How you would have reigned a little queen in the bright and careless set I knew! Just as that wonderful adaptability will make you now the most finished and gracious of *grandes dames*. I had a letter from her in my hand that day, and burned it in your cedar fire when I thought to do you that wrong. But the look on your face drove back my words, thank God! and I can offer you now a guiltless future, for the woman who was my wife is dead. I am following this letter to-morrow.

Faithfully yours EDWARD LAMB.

She had grown very pale. She looked up with a gasp, one hand on her heart. Before Mr. Lamb could speak, could touch her, the gray-haired man he had been watching had come to her side.

"What is it, Madelon?"

No voice of youth ever held half the tenderness of that old man's tone.

She made a brave attempt to smile in reassurance.

"It was foolish—I am a little nervous to-day, perhaps—and—Mr. Lamb has given me, in this letter, ill news of an old friend. I will go away and rest a little from the shock. But first let me introduce—— What, Mr. Lamb? Have you already met my husband?"

Wonders of the Cable.

It seems almost incredible that a man on a vessel in the middle of the Atlantic should be able to converse with another in London or New York. Yet such is the fact, and it is but another of the wonders of electricity that have been startling civilization for the past half century. We read of the cable steamer Faraday going out in the trackless wastes and picking up the cable at any given point and talking to both continents at once. When submarine navigation on the Jules Verne plan is perfected it will probably be the regular thing to tap the cable as the vessels go along and receive election returns and Wall street quotations in the cabin. A man might for instance, send a message like this to his wife: "Latitude 46 degrees 7 minutes, longitude 32 degrees 18 minutes west.—How is the baby? A storm is raging above, but one wants but little here below." Then for an absconding bank cashier or president what a great thing it would be to be able to go down and pick the warrant for his arrest off the cable as it slipped along! There would be many things in favor of these iron fishes beside the cable facilities, and they would no doubt be deservedly popular. For instance, there need be no sea-sickness, for when a storm came up they could, like Captain Corcoran, generally go below and wait till the clouds rolled by. Then when the shaft broke or the piston rod exploded there would be no need for floating around loose waiting for another steamer at the mercy of the wind and tide. The vessel could just drop down to the bottom and the passengers put on rubber suits and walk ashore.

Talking of cables recalls the mishap that attended the laying of the first Atlantic cables. One of them was made in two sections. A vessel started from Ireland with the other, both intending to meet in the middle of the ocean and splice the main brace. After "paying out" for many days they at last met at the appointed place and proceeded to solder the cables together. To their astonishment they found that the cables were spun or twisted in different ways, one from right to left and the other from left to right. They tied a lot of weights to the cable when it had been spliced and let it drop to the bottom, waiting around a day or so to see if it was all right. When they took it up it was found that it had begun to unwind, turning it over and over like a porpoise at sea. Next they tried to anchor it, but the unwinding process still proceeded, and it got all twisted and tangled around the anchor. Nothing was to be done but to take up one end and anchor the other till a new section could be completed. The American end was accordingly taken up and brought to New York. A long while afterwards a clerk was sitting in the cable office at Valentia, Ireland, using the new cables which had since been put down, when suddenly this old strip of wire on the bottom of the Atlantic began to talk. A cable vessel had gone out and picked it up and it was chattering way at a great rate to the astonished clerk. It was joined to another piece and afterwards worked well for many years.

A Narrow Escape.

A Bombay shikaree narrates how he once actually fell into the claws of a panther, and lived to tell the tale. After describing the incidents of the hunt up to the time when the beast broke cover, he says: "I had to wait until the panther was within a few feet of me, and I then put my rifle down to his head, expecting to roll him over like a rabbit (as I had succeeded in doing on other occasions) and place my second bullet pretty much where I pleased. To my horror, there was no report when the hammer fell. The next moment the panther, with an angry roar, sprang upon me. Hanging on with the claws of one forepaw driven into my right shoulder and the other round me, he tried to get at my head and neck, but I fortunately prevented this by raising my left arm, which he instantly seized in his huge mouth. I shall never forget his sharp, angry roar, the wicked look of his greenish yellow eyes within six inches of mine, the turned-back ears, his fetid breath upon my cheek, and the feeling of his huge fangs closing to the bone through my arm above the elbow.

"I endeavored, by giving him my knee in the stomach, to make him let go. Those who have ever kicked a cat can imagine what little effect this had. It was more like using one's knee to a football than anything else. The panther with a roar, gave a tremendous wrench to my arm, hurled me some five paces down the side of the hill prone on my face, bringing my head in contact with a tree. Stunned and insensible, I lay some seconds on the ground, and the brute thinking me dead, fortunately did not worry me, but, passing over me, went for the retreating police constable who had brought me into the difficulty. I remember, when I came to, raising my head from the ground, leaning my head against the tree, and smiling with a certain feeling of grim satisfaction, when my eyes caught the retreating form of the constable and the pursuing panther down the hill, and I thought the policeman's turn had come.

"The civil surgeon of the station probed the teeth-wounds in the arm and found that the one at the back of the arm ran right to the bone and was an inch and a half deep. The two wounds on the inner side, in or close to the biceps, were, one an inch and a quarter and the other an inch deep. The claw-wounds on the right shoulder were not serious, and had fortunately just missed the large artery near the collar-bone, injury to which would have resulted in my bleeding to death in a very few minutes.

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.

The Amateur Chemist.

A late writer says I often think how many scientists and coroners are swallowed up by journalism, and how thankful the public ought to be that they are in a field where they can not get at the lives of the people. We often find fault with fate, but certainly it is wisdom that takes a man out of a drug store sometimes and puts him in the sanctum.

W. L. Visscher, who has done journalist work on many papers, and work, too, that would have made his reputation world-wide if he hadn't been so infernally anonymous about it, was once a drug clerk in Kentucky. If you watch closely you will see that the man who is intended as a newspaper athlete will go through the gamut of trades and professions, but will surely get into journalism first or last. And it isn't such a calamity to befall a young man as it used to be. Of course, I mean if he is a good, square newspaper man, not the scallawag kind or the kindergarten humorist, but a real, working, advancing, sure-enough newspaper man, with a love for his work and a desire to improve.

Well, Visscher used to invent things when he was in the drug business. He showed a good deal of ingenuity in that way. He invented a kind of rat poison once that worked well, but the ingredients were too expensive to make the patent a valuable one. He killed nine rats with his solution, but it cost him ninety dollars to do it. This, you see, was fatal, not only to the rats, but to the poison itself.

Jessie Clawser was a resident of the village in which Visscher was acting as Nemesis pro tem. and general soda fountain superintendent. Jesse was a dead shot when he got after the Kentucky squirrel, and life ought to have been one long happy squirrel, hunt for him. But he was not entirely happy. He had red whiskers. He did not care for his angry hair, but his inflamed beard annoyed him very much. He went to Visscher, regarding him as a sort of alchemist who could do most anything with his mysterious jars and peculiar smelling herbs. He asked Visscher to color his beard for him, and offered in consideration thereof to bring him a mess of squirrels. The price was satisfactory, and the young chemist proceeded to make Mr. Clawser's beard as black as a raven's wing with lunar caustic. Every little while he would make a mistake and hit the skin, and Mr. Clawser would jump out of his chair with great uneasiness. Wherever the caustic struck Jessie's epidermis it would leave a black spot that would wash off about as easily as a birth-mark.

Well, Mr. Clawser walked out of the back room of that drug store with a beard as black as an Egyptian cat and hair as red as the sunset of a summer day in my own Italian home so far, far away.

At first no one knew him. He had to introduce himself. Then people got better acquainted with him, and the people of Northern Kentucky, who were not too busy, dropped their other duties and followed him around wherever he went. This at last pained and annoyed him. He got through ten days, and then he stole into the store after hours one night and begged Visscher to shave him. The great amateur chemist offered to do so for another mess of squirrels.

He didn't do it very well, but he made out to segregate Mr. Clawser from his glorious beard. There it lay on the floor like the end of a cow's tail soaked in logwood, a dead, unnatural, somber pile of stiff and diabolical hair. Mr. Clawser heaved a sigh of relief and went to the mirror. He there saw a young man with white eyes and cream-colored eye-brows. The lashes were ecru, and the freckles were like large flecks of bronze. The hair hung about the forehead like an incendiary fire beyond control. To add to the general horror of the holocaust, his face was spotted all over with black daubs of lunar caustic. Mr. Clawser looked like the map of the burnt district. He looked like the tattooed man at the circus. He reminded people of a red-headed penwiper.

He went around through the forests, frightening little children into St. Vitus' dance, for three days, and living on huckleberries and blue grass. He then took another mess of squirrels to Visscher and asked him if there wasn't some way known to science by which these marks could be removed. Visscher filed the squirrels and said he thought possibly it could be done. He then applied a little cyanide of potassium and removed the spots. He also removed the skin here and there and turned Mr. Clawser loose upon the community once more. He fled to the mountains and lived the life of a recluse until he heard accidentally that Visscher had left the drug trade and gone into journalism. Then he came back to home and friends once more, but he will not look at a newspaper and is regarded everywhere as the foe of the press. He is afraid he will run up against one of Visscher's editorials somewhere.

Jerry Black and Joe Williams.

It is related of the late Judge Black that in 1857, just after he was appointed Attorney General of the United States, he was staying at the Astor House in New York. Scores of leading politicians called upon him. One day a small, grey-haired man arrived at the hotel and registered himself as Judge J. Williams, of Iowa. Seeing the name of Judge Black on the book, he took a card and wrote: "The Supreme Judge of Iowa presents his compliments to the Attorney General of the United States." He sent this up to Judge Black's room, together with a half sheet of paper, on which he had written:

O, Jerry, dear Jerry, I've found you at last,
And memory, burdened with scenes of the past,
Returns to old Somerset's mountains of snows,
When you were but Jerry and I was but Joe!"

In less than three minutes the great dignified Judge Black was coming down the stairs, two steps at a time, with the little bell-boy in close pursuit. Two old schoolmates and law students were together after a separation of some thirty years. Two old men embraced each other and neither was able to utter a word. It was as affecting scene.

Magic Photographs.

What are called magic photographs are positives printed in a latent state on white paper that it is only necessary to immerse in ordinary water to have the image appear.

The means employed for obtaining this curious and surprising effect are as follows: The positives are printed from any negatives whatever upon paper sensitized with chloride of silver, such as may be purchased of any dealer in photographic supplies. The printing is done with the aid of sunlight, either direct or diffused, in any ordinary printing frame, or, more simply, between two plates of glass held together by means of spring clips.

The image, when once printed, is fixed in a bath composed of 10 grammes of hyposulphite of soda dissolved in 100 grammes of ordinary water. It is not toned with gold, but is thoroughly washed with water after coming from the bath, so as to remove every trace of hypo from the fibres of the paper.

This washing is absolutely necessary, in order that the paper may remain perfectly white after it has been treated with the following bath:

Bichloride of Mercury	5 grammes
Water	100 grammes

The image, when immersed in this bath, soon gradually begins to lose color, and finally disappears altogether. When the paper has become entirely white it is washed in water and allowed to dry.

If it be desired to cause the latent image to reappear, it is only necessary to immerse the paper in a weak solution of hyposulphite of soda, or better, of sulphite of soda.

To the back of these photographs there is attached a piece of bibulous paper impregnated with sulphite of soda. In this way, when the paper is immersed in water, the sulphite at once dissolves, and the image quickly appears.

The bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) is a substance that should be used only with great precaution, as it is a violent poison. Care should therefore be taken to allow no delicate part of the body to come into contact with it, and to put the vessels containing it in a safe place out of reach.

The sensitive paper adapted for this curious recreation may be either albumenized or salted simply.

The sensitizing is performed by floating upon it a 10 per cent. nitrate of silver bath for five minutes either salted paper that may be purchased in this state or be easily prepared by immersing white paper in water containing 5 parts of table salt to 100.

After sensitizing, the paper is suspended by one corner, and allowed to dry in a dark place. For the balance of the operations one will proceed as above directed.

The *rationale* of the phenomenon is as follows: The image formed by the light is colored by the reduced silver. This image when bleached by the bichloride, contains both calomel (chloride of mercury) and chloride of silver. Sulphite of soda possesses the property of dissolving chloride of silver and of blackening chloride of mercury by forming a sulphide.

Iron in Egypt.

It has been much questioned whether iron was employed at all by the Egyptians until the time of the Greek conquest. The weapons, implements, and ornaments of iron which have been found on the sites are so few, while those of bronze are so numerous, and the date of the few iron objects discovered is so uncertain, that there is a strong temptation to embrace the simple theory that iron was first introduced into Egypt by the Ptolemies. Difficulties, however, stand in the way of the complete adoption of this view. A fragment of a thin plate of iron was found by Col. Vyse imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid. Some iron implements and ornaments have been found in the tombs, with nothing about them indicative of their belonging to a late period. The paucity of such instances is partially, if not wholly accounted for by the rapid decay of iron in the nitrous earth of Egypt, or when oxidized by exposure to the air. It seems, moreover, very improbable that the Hebrews and Canaanites should for centuries have been well acquainted with the use of iron, and their neighbors of Egypt, whose civilization was far more advanced, have been ignorant of it. On these grounds the most judicious of modern Egyptologists seem to hold that, while the use of iron by the Egyptians in Pharaonic times was at the best rare and occasional, it was still not wholly unknown, although less appreciated than we should have expected. Iron spear heads, iron sickles, iron gimlets, iron bracelets, iron keys and iron wire, were occasionally made use of; but the Egyptians, on the whole, were contented with their bronze implements and weapons, which were more easily produced.

A Year's Shoemaking.

As a result of one year's manufacturing, our people required, for 1880, 6,831,661 sides of sole leather; 21,147,656 sides and skins of upper leather, besides leather sold by weight to the amount of 32,960,614 pounds. This supply was sufficient to make 125,478,511 pairs of boots and shoes, or a little more than two pairs each for every man, woman and child in the United States. One such place as Lynn would perhaps require for a weekly supply the slaughter of 4,000 cattle, 10,000 goats, 15,000 sheep, the manufacture of 50,000 yards of cotton cloth; nearly a ton of silk and thread of every kind; two or three tons of nails and tacks, beside general supplies of every description which enter into the composition of shoes.

Home Sunshine.

Many a child goes astray simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JAN. 28, 1885.

A GREAT IRON FIRM FAILS.

Pittsburg, January 15.—This afternoon Oliver Bros. & Philips and the Oliver & Roberts Wire Company, Limited, issued the following card to their creditors:

We are to-day compelled to suspend payments, and propose calling immediately a meeting of those interested, to whom we believe we can show assets amply sufficient, with some indulgence, to pay every dollar of our liabilities.

The truth of the matter seemed to be that the dull times, immense pay roll, and other necessary expenses have compelled the firm to ask for an extension somewhat similar to that given to Graff, Bennett & Co., who failed two years ago.

It is impossible to guess at the liabilities of the firm. They are reported at from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000. Local bankers say that there is about a million or a million and a half of paper held here, with good collatteral for almost all of it.

Large blocks of the paper are held in the Eastern States, as far east as Massachusetts, while very large sums are carried in New York and Philadelphia. The firm has made large investments in real estate and has an immense amount of collatteral of various kinds.

It is thought that there is not the slightest doubt that an extension will be granted, and that the firm will pay. The banks have the greatest confidence in the management of the heads of the firm, and will be as liberal as possible in their arrangements.

COUNTERFEITING A VALUABLE ARTICLE.

The publisher of the Madison County Record writes from Huntsville, Ark., as to the effects of Brown's Iron Bitters on his wife. Mr. Daugherty says, "My wife has been using the Bitters for some months; the effect in her case is remarkable." He also writes that owing to counterfeits and imitations, it was difficult to get the genuine article. That difficulty has now been remedied; imitators have been exposed and put to flight. Brown's Iron Bitters can be had of all the respectable druggists at a dollar a bottle.

Whether we agree with Mr. Beecher or not, few men can speak or write on any subject of public interest with so great a certainty that every body will want to know what they say. In discussing the question as to how far ministers may properly go into politics, which he does in the "North American Review" for February, the great preacher shows himself to advantage perhaps all the more because it is a matter that touches him personally as well as professionally. In the same number of the Review the question "How shall the President be Elected?" is ably treated by happily chosen writers, viz: two U. S. Senators, Dawes and Vance; a college President, F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia; a New York lawyer, Roger A. Pryor; and a well-known journalist, Wm. Purcell. The substantial agreement of four of them on the same point is significant. Another notable article in this unusually strong number is a review of "Holme's Life of Emerson," by the veteran historian Geo. Bancroft; and still another is an essay by Prof. C. A. Young on "Theories regarding the Sun's Corona," which he skillfully brings within popular comprehension. The Rev. Dr. W. G. T. Shedd defends the dogma "Endless Punishment," and Prof. G. Stanley Hall writes on "New Departures in Education."

THESE ARE SOLID FACTS.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the liver, biliousness, jaundice, constipation, weak kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at 50 cents a bottle at all drug stores.

Kennedy J. Myton, of Logan township, Huntingdon county, is the owner of a hog that outstrips the famous Dr. Tanner's feat of fasting. In October last the cholera made its appearance among Mr. Myton's herd of hogs and 41 of them succumbed to the disease, leaving him but one, and it was so much affected that it was his intention to kill it in order to end its misery. On the day set apart for dispatching the hog the men engaged to thresh his crop arrived and at once began operations, and at the end of five days the job was completed. In the hurry of threshing the hog was forgotten, but when done one of Mr. Myton's employes remembered that the last he had seen of the porker he was lying in the barnyard just where the loose straw was thrown from the barn. The hog could not be found, and the conclusion arrived at was that it was covered up under the pile of straw, which was almost as large as the barn. Mr. Myton, assisted by two of his men, spent half a day in digging in the stack, but no hog could be unearthed. On the 27th of November, just thirty-six days after the hog had been last seen, he crept from under the straw stack sound and well, but considerably less in avoirdupois than when he entered upon his self imprisonment.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free trial bottles of this certain cure of all throat and lung diseases at all drug stores. Large bottle. $1.

THE OLIVER & PHILIPS FAILURE.

Pittsburg, Jan. 19.—There was very little new to day regarding the Oliver Bros. and Philips affair. Matters seem to be progressing satisfactorily towards an extension on favorable terms. A meeting of the creditors to-morrow will be attended by all of the leading creditors and will no doubt be harmonious. It is stated upon authority that an examination of the liabilities will show them not over $2,200,000.

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 15.—Thomas Farrell, aged 111 years, died in this city last night.

SHOTGUN RULES.

For the benefit of those who are too apt to supply the dailies with "accidental shooting," we have compiled a few simple rules, says the San Francisco *News-Letter*, which more experienced sportsmen have long since recognized as essential to safety, the etiquette of the field, and an appreciable amount of comfort while hunting others.

First—Never in jest or thorough carelessness point the muzzle of your gun in the direction of another person. So-called unloaded guns have caused countless deaths and maimings by a disregard of this primary law, while carelessness in going through brush without a due regared as to which way the gun is pointing has put a sudden and sad end to many a day's sport.

Second—Never carry a gun with the hammers down. A twig touching a hammer thus carried lifts it, and when released from the strain of the obstruction down goes the hammer and off goes the gun. The rebounding locks have done much to obviate this danger, and all who can get guns with such locks should use them. With other locks the half-cock is made and intended for safety in carriage when crossing fences, going over ground that is dangerous of foothold, and generally when a gun is not apt to be required for immediate use.

Third—The man who draws a loaded gun out of a wagon, or through a fence, with the barrels pointed toward him, is a careless lunatic who takes his life in his own hands, and though it sounds harsh, deserves to be shot before his gross neglect of safety hurts somebody else.

Fourth—Always take the cartridges out of your gun before entering a house or leaning your gun against a veranda. The gun may fall or children may get hold of it. If you use a muzzel-loader either discharge it or remove the caps.

In submitting these simple rules to the shooting public we feel assured that all sportsmen will appreciate our object, which is simply to instill into the minds of our putative shots that a gun, although a source of infinite sport and healthful recreation, is a thing that should not be fooled with.

CHLORAL AND BROMIDE POTASSIUM.

Again we have to record with deep regret a sad proof that who give or take chloral or bromide of potassium for sleeplessness are guilty of a deplorable error and a grievous wrong. The narcotics which poison sleep also deprave the higher nerve centres, enfeeble the controlling powers of the will and leave the mind a prey to the depressing influence of a conscious loss of self-respect and self-confidence. The cultured mind feels the ignominy of the intellectual and moral depreciation with great acuteness, and in the end succumbs to the sense of powerlessness to recover self-control and do right. The deprivation wrought is purely physical. The baneful influence of the lethal-drug is, so to say, organic. The essential elements of the nerve tissues are blighted by the stupefying poison, as by alcohol in habitual drunkenness. In short, the recourse to chloral and bromide is precisely the same thing as recourse to alcohol. The man or woman sent to "sleep"—the mocking semblance of physiological rest by a dose of either of these narcotizers is simply intoxicated. No wonder that habitual drunkenness of this class first impairs and then destroys the vitality of the mind organ, and places the subject of a miserable artifice at the mercy of his emotional nature, and makes him the creature of his passions. When will the public awake to the recognition of facts with regard to these most pernicious of stupefacients? Persistence in recourse to them has no better excuse than unwillingness to search out the cause of the "wakefulness" which prevents natural sleep.

ANCIENT WOOD ENGRAVING.

The art of wood working is the oldest means whereby man gratified his vanity or his eye, and the one which, even among savages, still maintains its excellence. The New Zelander's club and the ancient Aztec's gods, the Hydah Indian's pipes and the paddles of the Polynesian canoe man are marvels of carving, executed with the rudest tools. In the Kaffir country of Central Africa are entire villages, composed of wooden houses, elaborately carved on post and pillar. Until the fear of fire led to the use of iron and stone as building material, such towns were common in Europe. Beams, brackets, doorheads and gable ends were effectively hewn with grotesque images of demons, heraldic devices, and those fair, saintly faces which still look down on us with a glance so benign.

HIS RELATIONS.

Thackeray, the great novelist, had seventeen uncles and aunts. Rather large collateral security for posterity. A family of seventeen children seldom hangs together. They scatter for individual prosperity and the general welfare of all. Thackeray never knew who his relations were and where they were. Now, the most exquisitely ludicrous lines that Thackeray ever wrote were in ridicule of the public orator at Cambridge, W. M. Crick. After the lines had been written and published Thackeray learned, half to his amusement and dismay, that the subject of his satire was his own first cousin.

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent. on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Making postage stamps is an elaborate piece of work. In printing, steel plates are used, on which 200 stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with colored inks and passing them to a man and girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper upon which the 200 stamps are engraved are dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water. After having been again dried, this time on the little racks which are fanned by steam power, for about an hour, they are put in between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheet in half; each sheet, of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to other squads, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next, they are pressed once more, and then packed and labelled, and stowed away for despatching to fulfil orders. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of 100 stamps is burned. Five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. During the process of manufacture the sheets are counted eleven times.

MEDICAL EXPERIENCES.

An English paper gives some of the curiosities of medical life. It is the duty of one doctor to take lunch every day at a castle belonging to a noble lord. The household is immense, and there is just the chance that there may be some case of indisposition demanding attention. He gets some of the best company and best lunches in England, and the only charges a guinea for each attendance. There is a wealthy man near a great city who cannot bear to be left alone for the night. There is a physician of great ability who drives out of town nightly to sleep at his residence; he is consequently debarred evening society, and if he goes out to dinner has to leave his friends before wine. He has to charge his patient one thousand pounds a year. One young doctor has a standing engagement of four hundred pounds a year to look after the health of an old lady. She has to be inspected three times a day, is strong as a horse, and so selfish and perverse that he has great trouble with her.

OYSTERS FOR DYSPEPSIA.

It is not as generally understood as it should be that oysters have medicinal qualities of a high order. They are not only nutritious, but wholesome, especially in cases of indigestion. It is said "there is no other alimentary substance, not even excepting bread, that does not produce indigestion under certain circumstances; but oysters, never." Oyster juice promotes digestion. By taking oysters daily, indigestion, supposed to be almost incurable, has been cured; in fact, they are to be regarded as one of the most healthful articles of food known to man. Invalids who have found all other kinds of food disagree with them frequently discover in the oyster the required aliment. Raw oysters are highly recommended for hoarseness. Many of the leading vocalists use them regularly before concerts and operas; but their their strongest recommendation is the remarkably wholesome influence exerted upon the digestive organs.

INTERMARRIAGE IN COUSINS.

The prevalent idea that the offspring of the intermarriage of first cousins are specially liable to be below the averge, intellectually and physically, is not found to be sustained by good evidence. Mr. G. H. Darwin, in a very carefully prepared paper, read before the Statistical Society, comes in the conclusion, as the result of close comparison of all the records available, that the evidence will not "enable any one to say positively that the marriage of first cousins has any effect in the production of insanity or idiocy • • • With respect to deaf mutes, there is no evidence whatever of any ill results accruing to the offspring in consequence of the cousinship of their parents." And again: "It tends to invalidate the alleged excessively high death-rate among the offspring of cousins." And once more; "The safest verdict seems to be that the charges against consanguineous marriages on this head is not proven."

MOTHER EVE'S TOMB.

Situated in the desert, about quarter of a mile from the western gate of the City of Jeddah, is an object of interest to Christian and Mussulman alike—the grave of Eve, or, as she is called in Arabic, "Sittna Hawwa," the mother of mankind. It is difficult to trace the origin of the legend that allots to Eve this desert tomb as her last resting place, and it is doubtful whether it is of any great antiquity. However this may be, the tomb is regarded with great veneration by the numerous pilgrims who visit Jeddah, and few fail to worship at the shrine.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 10 years, from $1.½ up at the Bee Hive.

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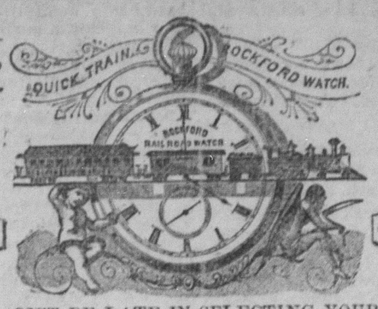

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THEY HAVE GOLD, SILVER AND STEEL SPECTACLES TO FIT EVERYBODY.
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14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

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EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,

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OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.

We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

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Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES.

CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap!

GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,

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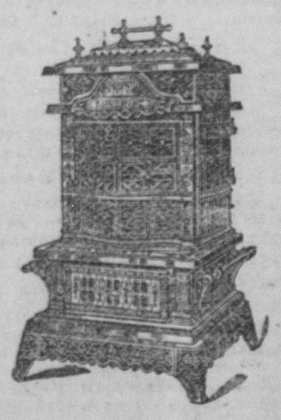

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IN THE COUNTY. HIS PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM, SO THAT IT WILL PAY NO ONE TO PURCHASE STOVES ELSEWHERE.

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APPLICATION FOR LICENSE.—Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their petitions for license in the office of the clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the peace in and for Centre county and that application will be made to the next sessions of said court to grant the same:

Bridget McClain	Restaurant	Philipsburg bor
O H Brady	Saloon	"
Robert Taylor	Tavern	"
Chas W Reeder	"	"
James Passmore	"	"
Henry J Walker	"	Snow Shoe twp
James Redding	"	"
J C Hicklin	Saloon	"
Wm. P Brown	Restaurant	"
Harvey M Witherite	Tavern	"
A S Goodrich	"	Bush twp.
James T Delong	"	Liberty twp
A B Freeman	"	"
Cook Condo	"	Miles twp
A E Graham	Eating House	Liberty twp
Chas M Heckler	"	Bellefonte bor

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FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
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Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

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FINE SUMMER RESORT.
Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.
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AGENTS WANTED!
AGENTS! This grand book is now out-selling all others 10 to 1. Ministers, Editors, Critics, etc., unanimously endorse it and say it is needed. We have many lady agents who have sold and are making from $200 to $500 in their respective localities. We want a few good general agents or women—in this vicinity or state. We give Extra Terms, and pay Freight. Now is the time to make money. Our Circulars, which special terms, Extracts, etc., sent free. Correspondence invited. Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that *do not cure*, that a *Positive, Sure*, and

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NEW HOME
Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

HAS NO EQUAL

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

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SASH, — DOORS,
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
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&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

23jly ISRAEL CONFER & SON

NOTIONS CONCERNING BRIDEMAIDS.

Instead of being so many graceful ornaments at the marriage ceremony, as nowadays, the bridemaids in olden times had various duties assigned to them. Thus one of the principal tasks was dressing the bride on her wedding morning, when any omission in her toilet was laid to their charge. At a wedding, too, where it was arranged that the bride should be followed by a numerous train of her lady friends, it was the first bridemaid's duty to play the part of a drill mistress, "sizing" them so that "no pair in the procession were followed by a taller couple." She was also expected to see that each bridemaid was not only provided with a sprig of rosemary, or a floral posy pinned to the breastfolds of her dress, but had a symbolical chaplet in her hand. In many parts of Germany it is still customary for the bridemaids to bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase on the nuptial eve, to the house of the bride, and to remove it from her head at the close of the wedding day. After this had been done, the bride is blindfolded, and the myrtle wreath being put into her hand she tries to place it on the head of one of her bridemaids as they dance around her; for, in accordance with an old belief, whoever she crowns is sure to be married within a year from that date. As may be imagined this ceremony is the source of no small excitement, each bridemaid being naturally anxious to follow the example of the bride. Referring once more to the bridal wreath and chaplet, it is still a current notion in many parts of our own country that the bride in removing these must take special care that her bridemaids throw away every pin. Not only is it affirmed that misfortune will overtake the bride who retains even one pin used in her marriage toilet, but woe also to the bridemaids if they keep any of them, as their prospects of marriage will be thereby materially lessened.

COCOANUT AS FOOD.

The extremely nutritive qualities of the cocoanut are comparatively little understood, yet for sustaining life and vigor it will compare most favorably with the best known food products of the vegetable garden. The *Fiji Times*, in calling attention recently to this fact, relates an instance of a vessel which once left San Francisco with 400 passengers for Sydney. Running short of stores they were obliged to put in at Samas, where a large quantity of cocoanuts were obtained; the remainder of the passage was attended with heavy weather, and the vessel became water-logged, only reaching Sydney after a perilous journey of eighty days. Owing to the extreme length of the voyage their provisions ran out, and men, women and children were reduced to an exclusive diet of cocoanut; and owing to the scarcity of these the quantity apportioned was in the proportion of one cocoanut to each adult. Notwithstanding this diet, wholly unrelieved by any change, not a life was lost and not a single case of illness occurred, all the passengers landing in a healthy and well-nourished condition. Another instance is mentioned in which two men drifted in a whale-boat upon Quarie Island, where they remained for seven years before they were rescued. They had no food except cocoanuts, varied by an occasional flying fish, and yet, when rescued, were in excellent condition, and had gained in weight.

MRS. HOWE'S BATTLE HYMN.

The greatest poem of the war was written at Washington by Julia Ward Howe, under the title of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It is sung to the tune of "John Brown," and commences, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." Mrs. Howe wrote it early one morning, and it is said she penned it with her eyes shut. The night before she had been out riding in the country near Washington and her party had narrowly escaped being captured by a troop of Confederates. As they came into Washington they sang "John Brown's Body," and the tune kept ringing in Mrs. Howe's head all night. When she awoke before daylight she began to make verses to it, and in the fear that she would forget them she wrote them off, according to a habit she had formed to save her eyes, without looking at the paper. Mrs. Howe is still living and she ranks among the leaders of the woman's rights movement. Speaking of "John Brown's Body," the tune itself is an old Methodist camp meeting tune and the words were adapted to it by a glee club of Boston in 1861. It was first published at Charlestown, Mass. Captain James Greenleaf, an organist of the Harvard Church, set the notes for music and a Massachusetts regiment made them first noted by singing them at Fort Warren in 1861.

JAPANESE FISH.

At Numata, a town of about four thousand inhabitants, we secured specimens of the "al," a celebrated Japanese fish belonging to the Salmonidæ (the *Salmo altevelis* of authors.) These fish are caught in a peculiar manner. After whipping the stream with flies, as for trout, and securing a fish, a fine gut line held in the hand; trailing behind the fish, thus fastened, which is simply a decoy, are several bright hooks, which flash in the sunlight and attract other fish. The decoy is now gently led up the stream, and the fish, in darting after it, get snagged on the hooks.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

A CLEVER BRIGAND.

The "*Continental Times*" has a good story about a famous Italian brigand chief. He was, as is usually the case, fond of gay costumes, could sing good songs and relish good jokes, principally such as are of a practical kind. A celebrated Italian physician, who, not satisfied with the legitimate game of his profession, was a keen sportsman and an unerring shot, met at an albergo near Milan a man not very dissimilar from the signor with whom the Torinese counts became so inauspiciously acquainted. A conversation sprang up, in which bandits and their proceedings were discussed, and the doctor, alluding with some natural pride to the precision of his aim, said that he much desired that one of them would cross his path. Armed with his trusty gun and pistol, he walked at large, and should like to see the man who would dare to molest him. Evening drew on, and his new acquaintance—the noted brigand chief—got started from the inn first by half an hour. Proceeding, in the direction the doctor was to take, he broke off a branch from a chestnut tree, and fixing it in the middle of the road, suspended from its top a small lantern he carried with him. Presently the doctor was heard approaching with his firm military step. On coming to a turn in the road he suddenly perceived the light, and, halting, called out to know "who comes there?" A breeze agitated the chestnut branch, and the lantern moved.

"If you advance another step you are a dead man," cried the doctor.

The wind, however, took no notice of the threat, and the lantern continued to swing.

"If you don't answer I shall fire!" shouted the doctor; and, suiting the action to the word, he raised his gun, took aim, and—

"Basta!" said a voice to his ear, and he found himself pinioned by an iorn grasp from behind. "You must not waste your powder," said the brigand, "because I want it, and I also require your trusty gun and pistols. And now," he continued, relieving him of the articles in question, "you need not be alarmed, for I do not intend to shoot you, but I shall take away your arms and ammunition, as you do not seem to me to make a good use of them."

CUTTING GLASS WITH SCISSORS.

Many persons may not be aware that glass can be cut under water, with greatest ease, to almost any shape, by simply using a pair of shears or strong scissors. In order to insure success two points must be attended to—first and most important, the glass must be kept quite level in the water while the scissors are applied; and, secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to begin the cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and to reduce the shape gradually to that required, for if any attempt is made to cut the glass to the shape, as we would cut a piece of cardboard, it will be most likely to break just where it is not wanted. Some kinds of glass cut much better than others; the softer glass is the best for this purpose. The scissors need not depend on the state of the edge presented to the glass. When the operation goes on well the glass breaks away from the scissors in small pieces in a straight line with the blades. This method of cutting glass has often been of service when a diamond has not been at hand, for cutting ovals and segments, and though the edges are not so smooth as might be desired for some purposes, it will answer in many cases. The two hints given above, if strictly followed, will always insure success.

NEVER DOZE.

The London "*Lancet*" discusses the subject of rising at the end of sleep. Dozing, it declares, is not admissible from any health point of view. The brain is the first asleep, and is followed by the active organs, and it is only perfect and natural when shared by all the several parts of the organism. All the parts of the system are not equally exhausted, and these least fatigued soonest wake, while those most exhausted are aroused with the greatest difficulty. The several parts of the organism should need rest at the same time. To bring this about a person should "wake early and feel ready to rise; this fair and equal start of the sleepers should be secured, and a wise self-manager should not allow a drowsy feeling of the consciousness, or weary senses, or an exhausted system to beguile him into the folly of going to sleep again when once his consciousness has been aroused." The writer declares that a man who will not allow himself to doze, will, in a few days, find himself almost unconsciously an "early riser."

RAGS IN RUSSIA.

The rags which the Russian peasants wear have struck all travellers who have visited Russia. Sufficient to say that boots are considered as objects of luxury, and until now, in little Russia, the girl buys one pair of boots, and must wear them throughout her life. On Sunday, when she goes to church, she walks barefooted in the cold mud of the road, and only when she has arrived at the church she washes her feet in a pond of water, puts on her boots, and enters full dressed.

——Our black silk at 75cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

Chronic Ulcers and Catarrh.

Mrs. Christian Zelle, aged sixty-three years, of Carondelet, St. Louis, Missouri, had a chronic ulcer on her leg which had been running for forty-three years. To use her own language, she had "tried all the doctors," but without perceptible benefit. Two of the most noted of this city advised her, as the only alternative from death, to have the leg amputated below the knee. She was troubled with an intolerable itching sensation, which only gave way to a distracting pain, which made death her daily wish. She could not sleep or rest. On March 21, this year, she commenced using Dr. Hartman's PERUNA, and to-day the leg is entirely healed, and the thankful old lady says she has slept more during the last three months than she did in the previous forty-three years.

Miss Alice Brady, of East St. Louis, Illinois, suffered from catarrh ophthalmia for five years. On April 27 she began treatment under Dr. Hartman. For a year before she was a patient of two of the best known oculists of this city, but they signally failed to help her. After one month under Dr. Hartman and his PERUNA, her eyes have almost entirely healed, and, according to her own statement, he has done more for her in this short space of time than the oculists did in the previous whole year. PERUNA, of course, did it.

Miss Annie Baker, First Avenue, Milwaukee, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending PERUNA. For years I have suffered from Asthma. I was induced to try PERUNA. It promptly relieved the paroxysms, and its continued use renders their recurrence less and less frequent. I am confident it will cure me completely."

Walker Brothers, druggists, Batavia, O., write: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN, Columbus, O., Dear Sir: Some two weeks ago I had a very peculiar case, and after a few questions were answered, I came to the conclusion it was catarrh of the stomach of the worst kind, of ten years' standing. The patient had consulted every physician far and near. I persuaded her to try your PERUNA and MANALIN. She had been having spasms every three or four days, and the fifth dose kept them off, and they have not returned since."

W. M. Griffith, Ashland, Ky., writes: "The large chronic ulcers of fifteen months' standing, are entirely healed. The swelling, pain and itching have all subsided, the leg is healed, and I am perfectly well. PERUNA is a wonderful remedy."

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFCT NOV. 17, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.50
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1ε3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.32			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.39				
Linden Hall	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall	11.10 arrive				

	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4	6	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.28
Rising Spring	5.50				1.50
Coburn	6.18				2.20
Laurelton	17.30				3.40
Milmont	7.49				3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.	8.00	A.M.	P.M.		4.15
Mifflinburg, lv.	8.09		12.10		4.13
Vicksburg	8.15		12.26		4.28
Biehl	8.20		12.34		4.34
Fair Ground	8.30		12.45		4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M	8.35		12.50		4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25	8.55	10.00	1.05		5.25
Montandon ar. 5 40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.10	ar. 1.20		ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F FUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

		WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 46 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 32 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
		(Sunday Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport	10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 53 a m
"	arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m
		EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 16 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 26 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with R. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26,

we will inaugurate an entire new system known as the

STRICTLY CASH OR MONEY DOWN.

By this we do not mean to say "terms cash" and sell on credit but mean what we say, and the editor of the "Reporter" cannot buy 50 cents worth unless he planks down the cash, and so the rule will apply to all alike. We next wish to show that this new system will be even more advantgeous to the public than to ourselves, as follows:

1st—Merchandise bought on credit must eventually be paid for and as there are always more or less dead accounts the merchant is compelled to add at least 5 per cent. to the price of his stock to account for his loss.

2d—On account of not getting money down he must add another 5 per cent. to pay the interest on his borrowed money.

3d—It requires one-third more work to make a blotter charge than to simply take the money and this necessarily adds another 5 per cent. to the price.

4th—Not being able to pay for goods as soon as they reach the store, (by having money in his books,) the credit merchant pays 5 per cent. more than the cash merchant.

You can add numerous reasons of your own and conclude by saying, "it is a golden idea for all," and in addition to the saving of 15, 20 or 25 per cent. on our goods we will be able to close the year free of debt.

Under the new system we offer Granulated sugar at 7c, Arbuckles' coffee at 16c, best home-made flour $1.10 per sack, White Deer roller flour $1.25, A syrup 38c per gallon, Appleton A muslin 7c per yard, dress goods 5c, best prints 6c, cheap prints 3, &c., &c.

Produce taken in exchange or cash paid when desired.

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co.,
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COURT PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Hon. Adam Hoy, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 6th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas R. Smith and the Hon. Chester Munson Assoc, Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 8th day of Dec. 1884, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Jan. next, being the 26th day of Jan 1885, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 26th day of Dec. in the year of our Lord 1884, and the one hundred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DURKLE Sheriff

D. Z. EVANS, JR.

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Address, THE SUN, New York City.

SOMEBODY.

Somebody's coming into the world,
Somebody's leaving it, somebody weeps;
Somebody's bark on life's stream is whirled,
Somebody gayly glides over the deeps.
Somebody somewhere is laughing to-night,
Somebody's singing while somebody sighs—
Somebody somewhere is quaffing the bright
Fruit of the grape—while somebody dies.

Somebody's heart is bursting with joy,
Somebody's starving somewhere alone,
Somebody's praying for somebody's boy—
Somebody suffers and maketh no moan.
Somebody's hand is lifted on high—
Somebody's heart is riven in twain;
Somebody somewhere hears somebody cry—
And the river flows smoothly again.

Somebody's dirge is sung by the waves,
Somebody nevermore sorrow will know;
Somebody Dame Fortune's fickleness braves—
Somebody's soul's as pure as the snow;
Somebody's heart's as black as the night,
Somebody's eyes are closed—'neath the sod;
Somebody's soul was too weak for the flight,
And so it soared upward—to God?

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS.

Miss Lydia Davidson was enjoying her cup of tea in her comfortable little house in Ravensbourne one Saturday afternoon, when her friend Miss Newman was announced. The lady was well known for the fervor and energy which she infused into her conduct of what inferior minds may regard as the minor events of life; also for a severity in her attire that may be described by one wishing to deal mildly with it as "gentlewomanlike."

She entered with even more than her wonted haste and dash, and cried:

"How do you do, Lydia, I am most thankful to find you at home. I have come with a definite purpose, as talking over a thing is better than writing a dozen notes. Very strange and startling events are happening here, and I have arrived at the conclusion that it is my duty to lay them before you and other friends, in order to see what can be done."

'Dear! dear!' murmured Miss Davidson, in vague alarm; 'you don't mean it! Tell me all about it, dear Jane.'

'I will tell you as much as I at present know," returned her friend. 'Well, to begin with. When I was coming down from London early last spring, a gentleman and a lady were in the same carriage with me. I took them for a honeymoon couple, and felt sorry to constrain their tete-a-tete. They made me most uncomfortable with all the private and confidential things they had to say; and they kept poring over a little book with their heads together—poetry, or some rubbish or other, I suppose. I've no patience with that sort of thing—have you?"

Miss Davidson, was, however, romantic, and could not get up a show or indignation in time to respond to her friend's glance; so she only look a little foolish and abashed,

'And for six months,' Miss Newman continued, 'have they been coming, regularly twice a week—Monday and Thursday. And they may have done it for six years, for aught I know, because it is only since I have been at my new lodgings, opposite the Bull, that I have noticed them carefully. They arrive early,—about 10 o'clock—have some refreshment, I fancy, for they always stop in the hotel a while; then they drive or walk out, not always together—but often take different roads; stay out—oh! till 4, or 5, or 6, and sometimes they have a quanty of luggage, those nice dres-baskets and things, ladylike luggage—and then, after their dinner, off they go toward the railway station.'

'Really!' cried Miss Davidson, in astonishment. 'And their appearsance? Do they look like—'

'Gentle people?' put in Miss Newman. 'Yes, decidedly. That is a point on which I am never deceived. The lady dresses exquisitely and most becomingly. They're not young, nor, of course, very old. He is a handsome man with a military air. In fact, I am pretty sure he is an officer, for I saw so much of the military when I lived at Dover, and then, (lowering her voice) 'I heard so many sad things about garrison doings that I begin to feel anxious. The Bull is such a respectable hotel it would be quite a misfortune for the town if—if anything unpleasant were to come out,' concluded Miss Newman, forced by the vagueness of her subject into, for once, being herself vague.

'Dear me! What you say quite startles me,' said Miss Davidson. 'If anything like that happens a hundred miles away, or even in London, it is not so bad; but here! It's a shock to me! I must comment on it to Eliza,' she added, as that functionary entered, bent most unamiably on interrupting the conference.

'I'll finish my tea,' said Miss Newman, putting her fingers firmly on the saucer. 'It's an excellent cup—most refreshing, Lydia.'

Had it not been for the softening influence of the morsel of gossip, long-brewing hostilities might now have ripened in fierce strife between Eliza and her mistress' but Miss Davidson's questions about the mysterious strangers claimed the confidential maid's attention. 'No, she hadn't heard nothing about them—least-ways, nothing but a stray word or two. But she'd soon fathom it, she would. She had no opinion of people as came and went, and no one knew whence nor whither.'

Dignity prevented Miss Newman's joining in the conversation while her foe Eliza was taking part in it; but she was glad in heart that that forcible person should be set on the track.

'I'll tell you what I think about it," exclaimed Miss Davidson, a little later, 'I think, dear, that the gentleman is some very distinguished person indeed, and that the lady—she may be a perfect lady, you know, all the time—is beneath him, and that there's a morganatic marriage! There are such things nowadays, and always have been, you know.'

'But, if so, why shouldn't she have her own establishment? Why come to an hotel?' objected Miss Newman. 'Still, she shall find out about it some way or another. It's a positive duty, however unpleasant, to clear it up. Perhaps you'll talk it over with your brother to-morrow. I know he sometimes spends Sundays with you, and please let me know what he thinks. But don't send him to talk about it to me, for it's not a subject I should go into with a young man, unless it was one of the clergy. I am off now to see the curate about it. Our rector resents inquiry, I do believe, for I can't get anything out of him. Good by, Lydia.'

'Good by dear. I'll not ring for Eliza. I'll let you out.'

Lydia had scarcely settled herself again after performing this little attention when Eliza appeared, cloaked and bonneted, at the sitting room door, remarking, 'I've been out a little while, ma'am. After what you said, just now, my duty was plain; and I went around to Bull at once, knowing as you'd not be wanting me.'

'O, dear me, Eliza,' returned the docile mistress, 'I quite forgot that your niece, Mary, is barmaid at the Bull. And did you see the land-lady? And can she explain about the strangers?'

'Of course, ma'am, I saw Mrs. Weston,' returned Eliza, energetically, 'It's what I went for; but I could'nt get nothink out of her. I said to her as civil as possible: 'Will you tell me, Mrs. Weston, the names of those parties as comes here twice a week, a Mondays and Thursdays?' But she only said, very stiff and 'igh: 'I never give the names of any of my parties, not oven to the gentlemen from the Ravensbourne *Record*.' And more than that she wouldn't say, so at last I came away; but I'll make some excuse to be there next Monday, and I'll see them at all events,' and with that Eliza withdrew to her own domain, leaving her mistress to spend the rest of the evening trying to recall all the instances she had heard of morganatic marriages and their results.

Miss Davidson had just taken her seat in church the following morning when Miss Newman, very "taut" and trim, hurried into a vacant place next to her, and, after burying her face for an instant in her hands, she turned, as she knelt, to her neighbor and said, in an undertone: "Have you seen your brother to-day? What does he think?"

"No, dear, no; he's not coming; but don't talk about it in church, please don't. And the good lady tried with feeble hurry to find her place. Miss Newman forebore further remark till Mr. Miniver Weekly ascended the pulpit. Then she betrayed a longing to speak and an inability to sit still. But Lydia resolutely turned the crown of her bonnet toward her friend fearful that a conversation might again be opened, to the outrage of the decorous feelings of the congregation.

"'Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe unto the man by whom the offense cometh.' Or," continued the thin voice of the curate, "as a more literal version, though one less purely English, has it, 'Woe to the world because of scandals."

"There!" whispered Miss Newman, no longer repressible, "I knew I had done some good with him. I never left him yesterday till his teeth literally chattered. I told him he must do something about the Bull people, and that he was responsible for all the evil that happens in the parish that he could prevent. He'll preach about them."

"Jane, dear Jane, don't!" gasped poor Miss Davidson, and Mr. Weekly began his discourse, which, to Miss Newman's unutterable disappointment, turned on a question of church discipline, the preacher maintaining that those of his clerical brethren who were opposing his own particular view of the matter were clearly of the number of the anathematized referred to in the text.

"Mrs. Farmer," cried Miss Newman, as the congregation streamed out through the lychgate. "One word, I beg."

"Good morning, Miss Newman; I'm so glad to see you," responded pretty little Mrs. Farmer. "I've so many things to say. You know you asked me to think of a solution for the Mysterious Stranger's visit to Ravensbourne. Well, I think," and her pretty lace tie and necklet heaved with emotion. "that the couple have lost a child—a dear little baby perhaps—and that it's buried here, and they've made a vow to visit it's grave."

"What!" said the matter-of-fact Miss Newman; "vow to visit a grave regularly twice a week, on Monday and Thursday! But, Mrs. Farmer, I stopped you specially just now to beg you would be with me to-morrow afternoon about 3. My windows command the Bull, and these people never fail to put in an appearance on Mondays; and mind you bring your sister-in-law too, won't you? I am going to ask Miss Brown, Miss Davidson and Mrs. Barton, the new doctor's wife. I want to catch her now. Good-bye. I am glad you think with me that it is a matter to look into, as a point of duty. You'll promise to come? All right." And the indefatigable Miss Newman started in pursuit of Mrs. Barton.

Miss Newman took care that the strangers should be the subject of many conversations that Sunday. At first, some of the good folk of Ravensbourne declared themselves wholly indifferent to the matter; but finding manifestly absurd explanations started as to the visits of this interesting couple, they criticised the explanations, and in most cases found themselves in the end committed to a theory of their own.

"I may congratulate myself," said Miss Newman that night, as she laid her bony cheek upon her pillow—"I may congratulate myself on having raised the question in Ravensbourne to the rank it merits, that of a 'burning question.'" And she ran over the points she intended to dwell upon in the speech to be delivered on the morrow, when the ladies assembled in her sitting-room.

Three o'clock on Monday afternoon saw Eliza installed in the bar of the hotel with her niece; while Miss Brown, Miss Davidson, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Farmer, and four or five other ladies, were assembled at Miss Newman's. After the customary greetings, the hostess said: "Ladies, I have convened this meeting for a special purpose—not, let me explain at once, for the mere gratification of idle curiosity. I have asked you to meet here to consider the suspicious conduct of the visitors to that hotel opposite, and to determine what steps should be taken in their regard. I have my own notion as to what should be done; but I will put that aside until I have received your suggestions. There *may* be no disgraceful discoveries; but that remains to be proved. My watch warns me," concluded Miss Newman in a different tone, compelled regretfully to excise some telling sentences, "that if they come back in a fly, and they sometimes do so, they should be here in six minutes; later if they walk. So we have no time to waste. I simply repeat, therefore, what is to be done."

"I must confess, I only came to look at them," said Mrs. Farmer, after a pause.

'I havn't any idea what to do,' said several voices.

'Would it be of any use to speak to Mrs. Weston, of the hotel?' timidly asked Miss Smith.

'None!' replied Miss Newman, with severity. 'That has been tried. You might trust me to try all obvious plans like that.'

'And what is the suggestion, Miss Newman, that you said you had to make?' Miss Brown inquired.

'That we should club together to employ a detective!' answered the hostess, with decision. 'We must make sure of our facts. I find on inquiry, that the cost of a regular detective would be heavy; but there is an ex-policeman who has been employed on such missions, and his charge would not exceed two guineas a day. In about two days he thinks he could ascertain the residences, occupations, (if any), and much of the past history of the parties.'

'We must not get ourselves into any scrape by prying,' said Mrs. Barton.

"If there is money wanted, we ought to have had some of our menkind here," Miss Brown objected, "We women are such poor and needy creatures."

But the discussion was suddenly stopped by a cry from Miss Newman of, "There they come."

"Why, she's very elegant looking," said one. "There's nothing more aristocratic than a hooked nose; but she must be 35 if she's a day. What a lovely silk she has on!"

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Barton. "He's not so military-looking after all. And he's a good 55. But there's an air about him; and as for her, she might be a duchess. Look at the magnificent mantle she has on!"

The couple who were causing so much excitement were met at the hotel door by the obsequious waiter, who handed them a telegram.

'I'll run across to the postoffice and ask what was in that dispatch,' cried Miss Newman, rushing out.

Several pairs of eyes were turned from the window to follow the hostess' retreating figure.

"Mrs. Farmer, is there anything the matter?" exclaimed Miss Davidson in alarm, catching sight of Mrs. Farmer's pale and troubled face.

'Yes--no,' stammered the little woman, 'I—I—don't feel quite well. I'm going home,' and she hurried from the room. Something like a shriek rose at the same instant from Miss Brown's lips. She had been in the background, but had just taken Miss Newman's vacant place at the window. 'Why, Mrs. Farmer!' she exclaimed, but Mrs. Farmer was gone.

'Postoffice won't tell!' gasped Miss Newman, coming back in a very excited state. 'They say it's contrary to rules.'

'Mrs. Farmer has gone away,' said Mrs. Smith, 'without saying good-by, or leaving a message for you, Miss Newman.'

'I think I can explain,' Miss Brown began, but she was interrupted by a cry from two or three others. 'O! look, look, they're going!' And there, sure enough, at the hotel door, evidently in a flurry, were the landlady, a waiter, and the mysterious stranger. A fly then whisked round from the yard and pulled up with a jerk. The strangers took their places in it, and a housemaid come running down with some wraps, the lady's umbrella, and other small things in her hands.

'There's an up-train to London in eight minutes,' said Miss Newman, watch and time table in hand. 'They're going to catch that. The telegram was to give them the alarm. Some one is on their track, and a confederate has given them notice.'

'Is Miss Davidson here?' cried Eliza, rushing in, the corner of her shawl filled with what seemed to be bundles of letters, and an open telegram in her hand. 'Read that!' she exultantly exclaimed, at the same time giving her mistress the message.

Obediently Miss Davidson took the telegram and read:

'From Miss Isaacs, Duke street, Paddington. To the lady or gentleman, No. 3 sitting room, Bull Hotel, Ravensbourne. Return immediately. Premises on fire.'

'Heavens,' cried Miss Davidson, piously.

'Gracious,' exclaimed Miss Brown; and a chorus of voices, 'Dear me,' 'Oh,' and 'Ah.'

'And now read *that*, reiterated Eliza, as she handed the following circular to Miss Davidson. 'I said I'd fathom it, and I've done it, ma'am.'

'BULL HOTEL, RAVENSBOURNE, Monday.—*Madam:* Owing to the ladies and gentlemen having objections to be seen entering wardrobe establishments, Mr. and Mrs., Abrams have been induced by numerous customers to take the upper part of a private house in Duke street, Paddington; and therefore ladies of the highest rank need not hesitate to honor this emporium with a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Abrams continue to give the highest price for all kinds of ladies' and gentlemen's wearing apparel, court dresses, regimentals, officer's outfits, trinkets, gold and silver, diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones, antique plate, old china, and all sorts of miscellaneous property. Established twenty-seven years. Their numerous and aristocratic clients in the country may feel satisfied that the personal appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Abrams, when calling at their houses will always be a guarantee that none of that unpleasant publicity will be given to their visits, of which the nobility and gentry have so justly complained, with regard to those of less experienced and considerate wardrobe purchasers. As a specimen of the letters they are continually receiving, Mr. and Mrs. Abrams subjoin the following:

'Lady B—— has just had great pleasure in recommending her friend, the Duchess of C——, to request Mrs. Abrams to call upon her; Lady B—— having always found Mrs. Abrams' dealings with her characterized by the utmost liberality and punctuality.'

'Appointments may be made for Thursday at the above address, or Mr. and Mrs. Abrams will wait upon clients in the neighborhood on that day or on Monday.'

Second Hand Tobacco.

"Just see them go for them! I suppose they enjoy the 'old soldiers' as much as we do our Havanas."

Two gentlemen, one of them a reporter, had just cast their half smoked cigars into the street, and the above remark was called out by seeing a couple of gamins dive into the gutter for the stumps.

"Enjoy them? Well, I guess not. Do you imagine that they smoke all the old 'buts' they manage to scoop in around the city?"

"I never gave it a thought, but I don't see what else they want them for."

"You will be surprised then when I tell you that these old stumps, which are gathered by the ton around the city, from hotel cuspidors, saloon ash-boxes, railway waiting-rooms, and public places generally, as well as from the gutters, are manufactured into cigars and tobacco, but I am informed that such is the case, and this 'second hand, business is becoming quite an industry. Why a dealer was explaining the process to me the other day. Of course you don't see any large concerns engaged in the business. The trade is carried on in obscure shops and tenement houses, and hence few people outside of those engaged in it have any idea of its extent. There are probably hundreds of people engaged in the business right here in Boston.

"The process of transforming the filthy accumulations of gutters and cuspidors into bright, finely flavored smoking tobacco is thus explained: The old cigar stumps, after the charred are cut off, are soaked in a solution of ammonia and some other chemical which takes nearly all the nicotine out of the tobacco and removes all trace of smoke and creosote. The mass of pulpy tobacco is then pressed into cakes and sliced by a cutting machine, after which it is given a bath in some kind of a bleaching solution which removes nearly all the properties of which the weed is possessed when it comes from the plantation. It is now taken to the roof in trays and left to dry in the sun. When thoroughly dry it is carefully taken up in the trays and carried below, where it is passed under an atomizer, by which it is dampened with a preparation of glycerine and some flavoring extract, after which it is in shape to be made into cigarettes or put up in packages as smoking tobacco. The business is said to be perfectly legitimate, as the manufacturers comply with the revenue laws and the tobacco thus pays a double tax."

"It is a good thing that those who smoke this second hand tobacco, do not realize what it is, or its use might be lessened."

"I don't know about that. Those who ought to know say that the cigarettes are far less harmful than many of those put up in more attractive shape, and that it would be a good thing for the youth of the country if all cigarettes were made of second hand tobacco prepared by this process."

Curious Ancient Marriage Vow.

One of these standing pillars of stone ("The Stones of Stennes," in the Orkney Island) seems to have had a romantic history. Through the upper part a round hole was cut, to which it is presumed the sacrificial victim was tied; but in later times it was put to other uses. Hither many a pair of love sick swains resorted, and by joining hands through this magic ring plighted their troths for ever—a pledge of love which was to them as sacred as a marriage vow. The Scottish Society of Antiquarians gives the following explanation of the ceremony: "When the parties had agreed to marry they repaired to the Temple of the Moon, where the woman, in presence of the man, fell down on her knees and prayed the Woden (for such was the name of the god whom they addressed on this occasion) that he would enable her to perform all the promises and obligations she had made, and was to make, to the young man present; after which they both went to the Temple of the Sun, where the man prayed in like manner before the woman. They then went to the stone of Odin; and the man being on one side and the woman on the other, they took hold of each other's right hand through the hole in it, and three swore to be constant to each other." Orcadians paid great respect to this stone of Odin, and when visiting it were in the habit of depositing some present in the shape of bread and cheese, or a rag. It was believed that if a young child was passed through this hole it would never shake with the palsy in old age.

Ginseng.

This is supposed by the Chinese to be possessed of wonderful medicinal virtues, especially in the way of miraculously prolonging the life of the dying, and there is a popular belief—possibly arising from the resemblance of the root to the body of a man, with two prongs representing his legs—that the wild ginseng has the power of going from one place to another under the ground, like a living animal. There are various kinds of ginseng used in China, namely, the Corean, Japanese, American and native.

"I'LL never go to law again!" remarked a Burlington man, regretfully.

"Why so?" asked a friend. "Did you get an unfavorable verdict?"

"No—drat it all! I got a mother-in-law."

The Stars.

Venus is morning star during the month. She is slowly approaching the sun, and her superior conjunction, which does not occur until May. But she is still very beautiful in the morning sky, as any one may see who commands a view of the southeastern heavens, and makes an observation an hour before sunrise. She contributes an interesting incident to the planetary annals of the month by her conjunction with Mercury on the 24th, when she acts as guide for those who desire a glimpse of the sparkling planet, who, however, will not deign to show his face unless atmospheric and cloud conditions are the very best. Although Venus and Mercury, as we see them at conjunction, are apparently very near each other, they are in reality far apart. Venus is approaching the sun and moving eastward, being, when in conjunction with Mercury, 22 degrees west of the sun. Mercury is receding from the sun moving westward, and is, when in conjunction, at the same distance from the sun. The former is approaching superior conjunction, the latter is very near western elongation; and yet they seem, as viewed from the earth, to be projected on the sky side by side.

Jupiter is morning star throughout the month. Although thus ranked in astronomical classification, he will be near enough to opposition to be a superb object in the evening sky, being visible nearly the entire night. He now makes his appearance above the horizon at 9 o'clock in the evening in the northeast, and on moonless nights shines forth with exceeding splendor. He remains almost stationary during the whole month, moving a little farther north, and being carried westward for the same reasons that the stars are, that is, by the earth's eastward motion in her orbit. This makes him appear to rise earlier every night, so that, when January closes, he comes looming majestically above the horizon shortly before 7 o'clock. No lover of the stars can help feeling the imposing presence of this leader of the planetary host.

Uranus is morning star. He pursues his slow course without making the least contribution to planetary records. He is leaving the neighborhood of the sun, and consequently drawing near to the earth. He makes slow progress among the stars, for it takes him seven years to pass through a zodiacal constellation.

Neptune is evening star. He pursues his snail-like course just now far away from any of his brother planets. He is thirteen years in passing through a constellation, and therefore it is easy to keep the run of his place in the heavens.

Saturn is evening star. He is second to Jupiter in brilliancy and size, and moves serenely on his celestial path with nothing noteworthy to record concerning his progress. When Jupiter rises in the early part of the month, Saturn is nearly on the meridian, and when Jupiter has reached the zenith, Saturn is sinking below the western horizon. Nothing new has transpired in regard to this fascinating planet, but we have faith that something worth knowing will be revealed concerning the complex Saturnian system before the 27th of September ushers in the long anticipated Saturnian perihelion.

The moon. The first month of the new year holds two full moons in her bountiful hand. The moon fulls on the 1st, 26 minutes after midnight; and also, on the 30th, 19 minutes after 11 o'clock in the morning. On the 4th, the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter, and on the 6th with Uranus. On the 13th she pays her respects to Venus, and on the 14th to Mercury. On the 16th she is at her nearest point to Mars, and as this is the day of her change it shows how near Mars is to the sun. Those who watch the course of the moon will find it easy to keep in mind the relative position of the planets.

On the 24th the moon is in conjunction with Neptune, and on the 26th with Saturn. She thus completes her circuit, and at the same time gives the order of succession of the planets, drawing near to the morning stars Jupiter, Uranus, Venus and Mercury, and after her change to new moon swinging her ponderous sphere near the evening stars, Mars, Neptune and Saturn. There are compensations in things celestial as well as terrestrial. One of these is the full-orbed winter moon as she "runs high" in the heavens and pours over the ice-bound earth a flood of silvery light that makes the winter nights beautiful as a dream.

Madagascar's Topography.

Madagascar consists of a central plateau or highlands rising from 4,000 feet to 5,000 feet above the lowlands of the coast, and from this plateau rise occasional volcanic cones, the highest, Ankaratra, being 8,950 feet above the sea. The volcanoes extend from the northern extremity of the island to the twentieth parallel of south latitude. South of this appear granite rocks, at least as far as twenty-two degrees south latitude. At higher latitudes than this the rocks of the interior are practically unknown to Enropeans. To the north of the volcano district of Ankaratra there is a tract of country containing silver, lead, zinc, and copper ores. As regards building stones, besides the granite which is so general, there are vast beds of sandstone and slate between the district of Ankaratra and the fossil regions in the southwest of the central plateau. These fossils according to M. Grandidier, the recent French traveler of the interior, are referable to to the Jurassic system, and comprise remains of hippopotami, gigantic tortoises, and an extinct bird of the ostrich species. The coasts of the country are rich in timber, and it would also appear that the interior is a good mineral field.

The new glass invented in Vienna is transparent and more brilliant than common crystal, can be cut and polished, and, when fused, adheres to iron, bronze and zinc. Singularly enough, this glass differs from all others, new or old, in that its composition includes none of the usual ingredients—silex, potash, soda, lime, or borax.

A Gay Old Boy.

Among the most interested and active students at the University of Vermont, at Burlington, this term, is an old man with white hair and wrinkled face but erect and active as any freshman. An interview with a student revealed many interesting facts concerning his aged classmate.

"Why, is it possible you haven't heard of him?" was the reply to the reporter's inquiry. "That's the Rev. Mr. Wilder; he's a rara avis, I can tell you; just back to finish his course, which was interrupted in 1831. He was a member of the class of '22, but was obliged to leave the University on account of some trouble in his father's family."

"He must be seventy-five years of age?"

"Seventy-five! Well, I should say he was. He has just passed his eighty-third birthday: but he cuts up like sixty."

"What degree is this youthful student working for?"

"I think he has not arrived at a definite conclusion as to that; he is prospecting as it were. He visits the room of nearly every Professor in the University at intervals, and makes it mighty interesting for them. He feels young but he has all the conceit of his years, and while in the normal attitude of a pupil he occasionally assumes the roll of instructor. As a consequence the Professors are often placed in embarrassing situations. But the old gentlemen means all right; he is thoroughly good at heart, and they know it would grieve him to interfere with him, so rather than hurt his feelings they submit quietly, and then most of the time he is as dutiful as could be 'desired, and pays the strictest attention to the study in hand. He is as enthusiastic over his work as the most ambitious boy could be, and never tires of talking about it.

"Where are his people, or hasn't he any friends?"

"Oh, yes he has children married and living in Charlotte, and he has a sister living in Connecticut, who has attained a very high social position. Mr. Wilder has lived for a number of years at Charlotte, but last fall he announced his intention of coming to the University to complete his course. His wife, who I think is his third, then went to California on account of her health. I understand he has had a great deal of sickness and trouble in his family. After his wife went West Mr. Wilder came here and engaged rooms and board, and has been here ever since. He is conscientious and all that, but he can stand more harmless fun than any boy in the University. He is sure to be present at every entertainment that comes along, and if there are any games he is foremost and the most enthusiastic participant. The young folks take pains to see that he has every opportunity for enjoying himself and he does it, too. Why, the other night he took in two socials running, and came out the next day as spry as a bird. At one of them they played drop the handkerchief, and he was the liveliest player in the game. Then, too, he very frequently visits the rink. There is to be a grand march at the rink to-night, I'll warrant you he'll be there, and if you want to see him skate just drop around."

The Coming Royal Visitor.

Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, was 21 years of age on January 8th 1885. His attainment of his majority were celebrated, after which he will visit on this continent and acquaint himself in some measure with the United States and Canada.

Queen Victoria, his worthy grandmother, continues to be in good health, generally speaking, and may live many years yet, even long enough to survive the Prince of Wales, who is said to be possessed of the belief that he will never be king of Great Britain and Ireland. His heir, and failing the Prince of Wales, the heir to the crown, is the young prince to be with us shortly, who, whether his grim apprehension will prove true or not, will almost certainly become the ruler of an empire comprising a population considerably exceeding three millions of souls.

Albert Victor has been carefully educated and given considerable experience in the navy. He is a quiet and studious young fellow with a strong bias toward the cultivation of learning. The observant reader will notice that his countenance, while marked with the characteristics of the Guelph family, at the same time strongly resembles the more refined lineaments of his amiable mother, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. After his holiday on this side of the Atlantic, Prince Victor will study law at the Middle Temple, London.

Origin of the Amulet.

A kind of odorifus amulet, said to be made in Persia, is sold in New York bazars and is becoming very popular among New York ladies. A Turk in the trade gives this history of the origin of the amulet: "The legend of the amulet is well known by all women in the Orient. Many years ago Genghic Khan, the great Tartar warrior, overran Persia. The Shah's harem was captured at Teheran, comprising some 300 or 400 beautiful odalisques. These became at once favorites with the hero, but his family was already so large and included so many pretty wives he could not distinguish his Persian from his Tartar wives. In order to be able to do so, he resorted to the expedient of attaching amulets perfumed highly, around their necks, which proved quite successful. The hieroglyphics on the obverse side of the charm are supposed to represent the Khan's signature and his proclamation warning others not to interfere with his property. For hundreds of years the amulet was handed down as an heirloom and protection against evil. When the Turkish race became the conquerors of the East they captured these charms and put on the reverse side the crescent, star and the word kismet. Then after many years the Shah permitted the charms to be manufactured and sold as a boon to the human race."

It is the first little step that loses all. After that the road is slippery, and we are down before we know it.

A PITIFUL FATE!

How a Minister's Good Deed Landed Him in An Insane Asylum. The Story of His Escape.

To the Editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel

SIR:—I have read a good many stories of late concerning the confinement of sane persons in lunatic asylums, and I am thereby prompted to relate a bit of personal experience.

In the year 1855, while I was serving the Methodist Episcopal church in a New England town, a neighbor's house took fire. In common with others, I stood on the edge of the roof, passing buckets of water, exposed to intense heat on one side and freezing winds on the other. I took a fearful cold. For twenty-five years it worked havoc in my physical and mental systems. Nevertheless, I continued in my ministerial duties. I preached many a sermon when suffering intense agony. At certain periods, however, I would be comparatively well, and then again, my head would get heavy, my breathing labored, my appetite fickle. I would lose interest in life; feel sleepy at mid-day, and wakeful at night. My heart occasionally gave me great concern. Not knowing to the contrary, I attributed this ill feeling to malaria. But eventually mental strength faded away, and I was utterly prostrated. I was cauterized, cupped, blistered, and treated by many physicians in many different ways.

My case was a puzzle as much to my physicians as to myself. For one of them at first prescribed for delirium tremens, and yet I never had tasted intoxicating liquors. Another said I had brain disease, another spinal difficulty, another nervous prostration, heart disease, etc.

My mind eventually gave way, and in 1882 I was confined in the Brattleboro, Vt., Insane Asylum for six months. When I knew where I was, I demanded instant release. I then made a visit to Oceanic, N. J., but I had reckoned too much on my strength. I again lost my reason for a considerable period.

That I was in a desperate condition is evident. My blood had become infected with virus, which inflamed my brain occasionally and doomed me to an early death, for no physician gave me any hope of a cure. I finally found out what my real disorder was, and undertook my own treatment. In a few months I was restored to such a state of health as I never expected to enjoy. That was over three years ago, and my physical and mental health have remained intact to this day.

Last March I came west, and engaged in garden farming. In all that time I have not lost a day's work; have apparently enjoyed the most vigorous health and I expect to live the full term of life. The remedy I used was Warner's safe cure, and if I should live a thousand years never tire of telling its praises.

You will confess with me, Mr. Editor, that such a change is remarkable. And you will, also, I am sure, agree with me, when I say that whatever created such a mental and physical restoration is deserving the highest praise.

Very truly yours.
REV. E. D. HOPKINS.

Dodge's Corners, Wis.

There are undoubtedly thousands who have an experience similar to the above, to whom Mr. Hopkins's recital will appeal with persuasive force.

Fuel on Russian Railways.—An official report, upon the fuel used on Russian railways has been prepared by General Possiet, the Minister of Ways and Communications. It appears from this report, which is concerned with the year 1881, that of the forty-nine railway companies existing in the empire, only four used wood exclusively for their locomotives. The lines were all short ones, running through forest tracts abundantly supplied with wood and far away from coal supplies. The bulk of the lines used coal, and during the year the aggregate consumption of all the railways was 563,029 cubic Russian fathoms of wood and upward of 1,230,000 tons of coal. The quality of English coal used was only 150,450 tons, most of which was burnt on the Baltic and on the southwestern lines. The report notices a general tendency toward a larger consumption of Russian and a diminished one for foreign coal. The increase in the use of Russian coal is given at 70,000 tons, or 8 per cent, within the year. Only 30,000 tons of German coal were burned, and these were used on lines near the German border. Since the report was drawn up there has been a considerable enlargement in the supply to the railways of the Donetz and Moscow coal, and the use of petroleum as an engine fuel has become almost general on the lines near Caucasus. The Russian import duties on foreign coal were increased not long ago.

Among the many wonderful things exhibited at the World's Exposition at New Orleans will be an "electro mechanical signalling apparatus," which gives promise of making railway travel in future a trifle safer than staying at home. This wonderful contrivance not only gives warning of such ordinary dangers as the approach of "wild" trains, obstacles upon the track, or broken bridges or trestles, but if the draw of a bridge is ever so little out of place it rings a bell in the engine cab, and another at the house or post of the bridge keeper. If a trestle or cuivert is out of line in any direction so as to create a danger, or if a tunnel wall sags in a threatening way, a faithful little hand points out the danger upon a dial, and the bell in the cab rings sharply, waking the engineer if asleep, and calling his attention to the signal.

There is not a single cat within the limits of the town of Leadville, Colorado. Cats have been imported there by the hundreds, and in all varieties of color and size, but not one has ever survived the second week of residence. However as there are no rats and mice in Leadville, there is no real need of cats, and it makes no difference whether they live or die. The thin atmosphere at that altitude (10,200) is fatal to the vermin as to their foe, and the inhabitants are thus mercifully spared the inflictions of both.

ENGLISH millers are finding it more profitable to buy American flour at the West, and ship it through directly to Great Britain, than to purchase wheat at New York and send it abroad to grind.

DOMESTIC

HANGING THE MISTLETOE.—A large bunch of mistletoe must be hung up in the parlor so that under its charmed green cunning youths may have an opportunity to kiss unsuspecting maidens. To be in keeping with old custom, the mistletoe must be fastened to a wheel suspended from the ceiling. The wheel looks well hung by garlands of holly leaves sewed to dark colored tape, or if there is a chandelier in the room it may be hung from and directly beneath it. Garlands and festoons of green are arranged around the walls of the room in any way which the taste of the worker suggests, but sameness should be avoided as much as possible. The wheel and mistletoe should be used only in one place, and the wheel should not appear in any place except the parlor and the hall window. All kinds of green should be used in abundance, but nothing should be employed for color save natural berries, home-made berries and the shields and banners, except that a few bunches of bright ribbons are allowable. Artificial flowers should not be used, and even fresh blossoms from the green-house are delegated to the flower-bowls on the tables.

THE woman who gets through her work quickly and easily, is not the one who leaves every thing at sixes and sevens. She has a place for everything and everything in its place, even to the nutmeg grater and stove lifter. She never considers she is through her work until every article used is in its own particular niche. She has a bag for clothes pins, and a nail somewhere out of sight on which to hang her kitchen apron; she can go in the darkest night and lay her hand on the catmint bag when Jonnnie has the stomach ache, and not be in the condition of a near neighbor of mine who sent her little girl in to borrow a nutmeg, she said "Ma had one somewheres, but couldn't find it.

CAMEO GLASS bottles are of English make, with opaque surface of citron, pomegranate or amber glass, on which are incised white ornaments, the lotus and leaves, figures or other device stand out in relief in the precise tones of white onyx cameo cutting. The bottles intended for perfume are of Pompeiian and Egyptian shapes, ending in a point, so that they must always lie flat. Flasks for pocket use or tiny vials for smelling salts are round or oblong. The colors of the ground work in these bottles are those of gems, and are superb in the deep shades they hold imprisoned under their ornaments.

GIBLET SOUP.—The giblets from two or three chickens or two turkeys; one medium sized onion, one small carrot, half a large turnip, two stalks of celery, two quarts of water, one of strong stock of any kind, two large tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour, little salt and pepper to taste; one or two leaves of parsley and a leaf of sage. Put chopped giblets on in two quarts of water, boil to one quart: now add the stock. Cut vegetables small, fry in the butter until tender (about fifteen minutes), then stir in the flour until it browns. Turn into the soup and season; cook another half hour, serve with dice of fried bread.

SAUCE HOLLANDAISE OR DUTCH SAUCE.—Pour four tablespoonfuls of good vinegar into a small stew pan, add a little pepper and salt; let it boil to half the quantity and cool; add well beaten yolks of four eggs, butter the size of an egg and a little nutmeg. Set over a slow fire; stir until thick as cream and remove it immediately; set into another pan containing hot water at the side of the range. Beat briskly with a spoon or whisk to make it frothy, adding little bits of butter all together about the size of half an egg. When light and smooth it is ready to serve.

IF THE value of buttermilk were better known it would be more used and less wasted, says an exchange. It is a laxative and aperient, invigorates the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is nutritious to the sytem. Thousands of persons are suffering to-day with sepsis in the blood, from which proceed nervous headaches, weak diaphragms, costiveness and even rheumatism and ague, who would be be relieved in a very short time if they would drop their pork and stimulating diet and use only buttermilk, fruits and vegetables.

SWEETBREADS.—Veal are the best. Soak in cold water an hour; lard them by drawing thin pieces of salt pork through them; put them into salted water and boil twenty minutes, remove and throw into cold water to blanch them. Remove carefully any skin or gristle and they are ready to be cooked again with a cream sauce or with peas. French peas or canned peas seasoned with butter, pepper and salt and poured around the sweetbreads.

CORN BREAD IN CUPS.—Two and one-half cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls shortening, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and three and a half cups of thick sour milk; add salt at discretion. It should make a thin batter. Bake quickly in small tins or cups. It is best to soak the meal all night, or at least several hours in the sour milk, adding the other ingredients before baking.

WHEN roasting lamb or fowls, if you do not like the flavor given by thin slices of salt pork or of bacon, which are generally put over them, take some hard butter, roll it in flour, and separate it into small lumps and lay here and there on the meat. This will give richness and flavor to the liquid with which you baste them.

HERE is a new way to make a rice pudding. Wash a small teacupful of rice in cold water; then put it into a quart of bold milk; add salt and sugar and vanilla to your taste, and a small lump of butter. Put this into the oven two hours before it is to be eaten; stir it occasionally. Follow these directions carefully, however skeptical you may be, and you will be pleased with the result.

The best heads can but misjudge in causes belonging to the jurisdiction of the heart.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Learn to say no; it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

Promises hold men faster than benefits; hope is a cable and gratitude a thread.

Carbo-lines.

He wins at last who builds his trust
In loving words and actions just;
Whose head, whose walk, his very mien,
Proclaim the use of Carboline.

Do your level best in this world, and all the other worlds will look out for themselves.

"Rough on Toothache.

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15&25c.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for Coughs and Colds: "I do not see how it is possible for a public man to be himself in winter without this admirable aid."—*Rev. R. M. Devens, Pocasset, Mass.*

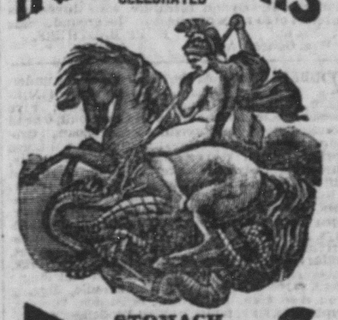
He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Society is a crucible in which all gold melts. Out of it is drawn only one of two prizes—vanity or disgust.

PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416. NEW YORK.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the article for you, it stimulates the ailing energies, invigorates the body and cheers the mind. It enables the system to throw off the debilitating effects of undue fatigue, gives renewed vigor to the organs of digestion, arouses the liver when inactive, renews the jaded appetite, and encourages healthful repose. Its ingredients are safe, and its credentials, which consist in the hearty endorsement of persons of every class of society, are most convincing.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

DEBILITY of the General Live Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of Vigor. Simple cases, $3 to $5. Severe ones, $8 to $12. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St., N.Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Why?

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

☞ SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM, By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

3 Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from fresh colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell.

NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF. A few applications relieves. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. 50 cts at druggists. 60 cts. by mail, registered.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM | Sure cure free for stamp. Mexican Rheumatic Cure. 24 Bleecker St., N. Y.

2 403

CARDS Sample Book, Premium List, Price List sent free. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies' in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. E. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 851 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

HIS WIFE WAS TOO BUSY.—"Look here," said a judge to a juryman, "I do not desire to wound your feelings, but why don't you put on a clean shirt?"

"Because my wife has been very busy for several days, and I have had no one to sew on buttons."

"Hasn't your wife had time to sew on a button?"

"No, sir."

"What's the matter—children sick?"

"No, sir; children somewhat dirty, but in good health."

"What is your wife doing that keeps her so constantly employed?"

"Well, you see, several days ago our minister came around, and said that by such a time he had got to have two hundred pair of breeches to send to the heathens, and my wife has been busy ever since. Just wait, Judge, till she gets through, and then I'll come around and dazzle this Court with the whitest shirt you ever saw."

"PAH, what are dictionaries for?" asked young Johnnie Jarphly.

"To teach people how to spell correctly, my son," replied Mr. Jarphly, gratified to see his little boy's mind take an active interest in learning.

"Can you spell, Pah?"

"Passably well; of course, I am not perfect," answered Mr. Jarphly with complacent modesty.

"But you can look in the dictionary and find out can't you!" persisted the youthful searcher after knowledge."

"Oh, yes, certrinly."

"Then, when you told Mah you were going to run this establishment and she said you'd better learn to spell 'able' first why didn't you look in the dictionary and——— Ouch! I've got a boil there."

"WELL, wife," said Mr. Keely, of Philadelphia, to his better half, "I'm a bankrupt,"

"No, you don't say so?" she answered in surprise.

"Yes, it's true as gospel."

"Did you save anything?"

"Not a hooter. Everything has gone."

"Everything? Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Well, you are mistaken. That old motor you have been fooling with has not gone, and I'll bet it won't go either in a thousand years."

Mr. Keely wished he had his wife's philosophy.

THE other night two men who supported a third between them, shuffled up to the front steps of a house on Howard street and rang the bell. Although the hour was late it was not a minute before the door was opened by a woman who asked what was wanted.

"We have brought your husband home, and he's—he's a little tired," replied one of the men.

"Yeah, so tired!" sighed the wobble-legged man in the middle.

"Gentleman," calmly announced the woman, "you have made a mistake. My husband arrived half an hour ago, but so drunk that he was brought in a wagon. You can't palm no such half-drunk as this off on me!"

She shut the door on their toes, and the party shuffled down the steps to try another door.

Is it Really Consumption?

Many a case supposed to be radical lung disease is really one of liver complaint and indigestion, but, unless that diseased liver can be restored to healthy action, it will so clog the lungs with corrupting matter as to bring on their speedy decay, and then indeed we have consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, in its worst form. Nothing can be more happily calculated to nip this danger in the bud than is Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

Because it is silly to believe everything, there are some so wondrous wise as to believe nothing.

* * * * Cancer of the lower bowel sometimes results from neglected or badly treated piles. By our improved methods, without knife, caustic or salve, we speedily and permanently cure the worst pile tumors. Pamphlet, references and terms, two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

If a man is to be what he ought to be, his powers must be brought up together, by giving due attention to all.

To break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks, use Dr. Pierce's Compound Extracts of Smart-Weed.

To be faithful, to keep faith simply and joyously, is to reach and hold the essential best of life.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

Life is not so exclusively charged with sweetness that one needs to be continually throwing in acids or bitters.

Dairymen Getting Rich.

Progressive dairymen who are only satisfied with the best results, are adding to their wealth and conferring a benefit on society, by the rapid improvments they are making in the art of butter making. This class use Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color, and know by actual test that it fills every claim made for it.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young and old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

To know and not have the ability to perform is donbly unfortunate.

MENEMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

To be grateful for benefits received is the duty of honest men—one of the sins that most offendeth God is ingratitude.

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

A somewhat unusual specimen of skill in locksmiths' handicraft has just been turned out by Mr. James Brown, master locksmith, Wolverhampton, England. It is a 5¼-inch door-lock in brass, and yet in that small compass contains no fewer than fifty levers, together with detector and cylinder. Moreover, it is by no means merely a toy, for the action is quite as serviceable as in any ordinary lock with a lower number of levers. This lock is regarded with some little surprise in the trade, and up to the present all the attempts which have been made to produce a similar article have turned out failures.

When the good man dies tears are shed, which in life he prevented flowing.

"Maryland, My Maryland."

* * * "Pretty Wives,
Lovely daughters and noble men."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and

"My wife!"

"Who?"

"Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago, became

"Sallow!"

"Hollow-eyed!"

"Withered and aged!"

Before her time, from

"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness.

"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl, upon recovery had

"Lost!"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-timed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

"The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be *more pretty wives if* my brother farmers would do as I have done."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain,

C. L. JAMES,
BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., May 26th, 1883

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

* Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify. *
* It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. ***\

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JAN., 28, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

ANYTHIN YOU WANT,

Either Useful or Beautiful,

AT G. R. SPIGELMYER'S

---SUPPLY DEPOT,---

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

——You can travel a day and——
——not find a nicer, cleaner, or——
——more complete stock.——
——Prices talk for themselves.——

Garmans.

Owing to the craze this season of Art Needle Work our stock is unusually complete in that department.

Many new ornaments—Silver Banner Rods are the very latest. Handsome little Crescents, both plain and with Stars and Bangles. We can complete any piece of work you may have on the frame.

One of our latest stamping patterns is a Spider Web; for working it they use Gold Thread or Tinsel Cord, it is decidedly pretty and entirely new. A little Thermometer adds to the effect, yet very little to the cost.

We have eight shades in Felt. For trimmings we have Felt in Light Blue, Light Old Gold, Cadet Blue, &c.

Don't forget that our line of Yarns is complete. Plushes in all the fancy shades. Many new styles in Prints, and many new pieces of Ginghams are in. Wait for our line of Dress Goods before you make your purchase.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Dry goods—Garmans. 28

——Mrs. Bruss, mother of Samuel Bruss, of this place, is seriously ill.

——Read Garman's new adv. at the head of local column.

——Chas. J. Stemm, of near Linden Hall, has been laid up by a sudden sick spell.

——Jacksonville is to have a musical convention beginning Feb. 2, under Prof. Weaver.

——Mr. Leech, of Harris, has purchased Mr. Joseph Crotzer's farm, west of Centre Hall.

——Tuesday morning mercury was 4° below "Selinsgrove," as some have it. Sleighing very good.

——J. D. Murray has opened a shop for making brooms, and engaged Mr. S. Long for the work.

——Mrs. Henry Keen, of Penn twp., we regret to learn, is seriously ill from an affection of the lungs.

——The roller mill is progressing—timbers for the frame work are on the ground and carpenters are at work.

——Howard Rishel, son of John Rishel, of this place, who has spent the last four years in Illinois, is home on a visit.

——Sleighing on Monday was good, save that a cold and piercing wind marred the pleasures of a sleigh ride somewhat.

——A protracted meeting will begin in the M. E. church, in this place, Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, G. P. Sarvis, pastor.

——Mr. H. G. Royer, of Wolf's Store, while on his way to Bellefonte, Monday morning, had to lie over at Centre Hall, having been taken very ill.

——Saturday morning broke in with four inches of snow, which soon brought out the jingling bells and pretty sleighs and fast nags.

——Meeting of Pomona Grange, Friday, February 6, at 1 p. m., in the hall of Progress Grange, business of importance will be transacted.

——Rubber boots and shoes for men, women and boys, a full line, at A. C. Mingle's, in the Brockerhoff house block, Bellefonte. Prices low.

☞The Reporter and the New York Weekly World, to three new subscribers, clubbing with one of our present subscribers, at $2.35 per year.

——The channel of Penns Creek will be changed near Gentzel's, in Gregg township, by the railroad company so as to avoid two railroad bridges.

——Did you know that Lewins & Co. are selling off their stock of overcoats at about cost. Don't miss a chance for a bargain and a good warm overcoat.

——If any of our present subscribers will club with a new one, both can get the Reporter and the New York Weekly World for $2 25 each, one year, pay in advance. 3m

——Mr. J. B. Spangler, of near Tusseyville, has returned from a five week's trip to Missouri and Kansas. He tells us that he was favorably impressed with that country.

——Rapp Brothers, of near Linden Hall, intend to quit farming and have their sale advertised in "Reporter." They intend going to Millheim and open a meat market.

——Every man and boy is wanted at the Philad. Branch to get a cheap suit. Selling off stock on hand to prepare for spring trade, hence clothing is offered at near first cost.

——Mr. Aaron Harter, of Hartleton, while on a business trip to this place, was laid up with two severe carbuncles on the back of his neck. He will move to this place in the spring.

——Last week four days, Sunday to Wednesday, were about the severest freeze this winter thus far. The grain fields were exposed to the fierce cold winds, and may have suffered in consequence.

——Give A. C. Mingle's shoe-store a call if you need any boot gear. Mr. Mingle keeps the choicest assortment of boots and shoes in Bellefonte, always, and sells at bottom prices besides warranting every piece you buy.

——The railroad station was completed and occupied for business last week. Mr. Ginter, of Sunbury, is the agent. He is an experienced agent and a gentleman in every respect and will add a good citizen to our place.

——Mr. A. C. Musser, of the Millheim Marble Works, gave the "Reporter" a call. He is one of the best workmen on tombstones and monuments in central Penn'a, and does work cheap. See adv. in another column.

——Woodward folks went a-courting to Bellefonte, Monday, on a 4-horse wagon—the Farmers' Store band wagon—with upwards of 20 passengers thereon. Must have been a cold ride but no doubt a jolly one for the boys.

BIBLES! BIBLES!—Persons wanting a Bible, from $5 up to $18.50—the best and only edition of the kind printed in the state, should hold up their orders for Michael Zeigler, of Millheim, who is canvassing this county. tf

——We see from the *Journal* that the house of C. F. Deininger, at Millheim, made a narrow escape from burning. The wood-house took fire and burned, destroying furniture belonging to A. O. Deininger, and scorching the house occupied by Prof. Kurtzenknabe.

——By clubbing with the REPORTER you get the "New York Weekly World' and the REPORTER for $2.25 per year. The best bargain ever offered to new subscribers and old ones who pay in advance. The terms apply to any new names sent in by one of our present patrons. tf

——Mrs. E. M. Brown, *nee* Alexander, writes us from Beloit, Ks., January 19: Thermometer down to zero and below for the last two weeks. Dec. 14, 12° below. New Year's morning 25° below zero. Last Friday 15° below, Saturday 26° below, to-day 25° below. The ground is covered with snow.

——Go to Murray's Drug Store, Centre Hall, for your Chtistmas and Birthday cards, also toys for your children. A full line of drugs and medicines kept in stock. Any drug or medicine not found on hand will be got for you inside of 48 hours from the time you leave your order. J. D. MURRAY.

——Court met on Monday, Judge Furst on the bench, with associates Smith and Munson. On Monday there was some wrangling over the Philipsburg licenses. On Tuesday an old man of Philipsburg for assault got two months jail and cost. In the case of young Etlinger, of Woodward, for assaulting a lumberman, the jury after being out a few minutes found him guilty. Etlinger's sentence is six months imprisonment and $50 fine and costs. In the case of Millheim Boro. against D. A. Musser for trespass, jury was sworn on Tuesday evening.

——Last week was the coldest continuous snap of this winter, and it caused quite a lively rush for warm clothing at the Philad. Branch, where clothing, hats, underwear, and anything needed for men is sold at astonishingly low prices, and goods guaranteed to be as represented. One never is imposed upon in any article bought of Lewins & Co. They deal honorably with all, and sell lower than any other house in the state. All know these to be facts—for these reasons the Philad. Branch deserves the patronage of all.

——Tuesday morning Mr. E. W. Bigony and Attorney Hiram Childs were set thing some business in lawyer Schroeder's office, on Water street, when a dispute arose between the two. Mr. Childs, to emphasize his side of the question, made an assault on Mr. Bigony. In the scuffle that ensued Mr. B. received a bad bruise on the head and likewise lost a bunch of his chin beard. The extent of the many other injuries, we are told, are not alarming. The office was damaged the most, ink being spilled all over the furniture and matting, a chair disabled for life and two panes of glass broken. Mr. Bigony immediately swore out a warrant for the arrest of Childs, which was given to officer Fowler to serve. The affair created much stir on usually quiet Water street.—Lock Haven *Democrat*, 22.

A Harrisburg paper says: "At a meeting of representatives of the Dunkers, near Lewistown, Pa., some days ago, of what is known as the middle district of Pennsylvania, which embraces the territories west of Baltimore and between the two rivers to Pittsburg, arrangements were made with the Pennsylvania railroad officials for excursion rates for the great annual meeting to be held next summer. The meeting will be held the latter part of May, during Whitsuntide near Mexico Station, which is about six miles east of Mifflin. Great preparations are being made for this annual gathering, which is predicted will be the largest in the history of the church. It is said the meeting will be held on the farm of Samuel Funk, near Centreville, Walker twp., Juniata county.

IN THREE STATES AT ONCE.

The Maryland line is about two miles south of Newark, and the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio extension run across the sharp angle of Pennsylvania, which extends down between Delaware and Maryland, at a point where it is five feet wide. After the first train stopped over the Maryland line most of the persons on board alighted and picked their way 250 feet through the mud and water to the point in the woods where the three States meet. The spot is indicated first by a long stone just above the surface, which marks Mason and Dixon's line. Beside it is planted a triangular stone, with the initials of Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania cut on the various sides. On the west side is the following inscription: "Erected by H. G. S. Key, Md.; J. P. Eyre, Pa.; G. R. Riddle, Del., Commissioners, 1849." Some of the visitors mounted the stone in order to say that they sat in three states at one time; others placed their thumbs on the apex of the stone in order to say that they had their thumbs in the three states at one time, while others still stood in the narrow strip of Pennsylvania and extended one hand into Maryland and the other into Delaware. The stone is about three feet high and three sides each about 14 inches wide. It is called a prismatic stone.

The excitement in Klagenfurth, Austria, the scene of the recent avalanche, is intense. Nearly 3,000 people are engaged in digging for the bodies buried under the snow. Prompt measures of relief were taken for the sufferers, the injured ones being removed to hospitals and the homeless provided with shelter.

——Sechlers & Co. have granulated sugar at 8c a pound, all other grades at lowest prices. Syrups, molasses, finest New Orleans at 80c per gallon. Fine assortment of coffees, both green and roasted. Our roasted coffees are always fresh. All the new and desirable brands of tobacco. Special attention given to our cigar trade. We try to sell the best 2 for 5c and 5c cigars in the town. Tea—Young Hyson, 60c, 80c, and $1 per lb.; Imperial, 60c, 80c, $1; Gunpowder from 60c to $1 per lb; Oolong 60c to $1 per lb.; Mixed green and black from 60c to $1 per lb.; a very fine colored Japan tea; also a good bargain in Young Hyson at 40c per pound. Finest full cream cheese at 16c per lb. As Baking Powder is coming into such general use, it is important to find which are the best value for the price charged. Our one pound pails of Baker's Baking Powder we think the best return for the money of any brand on the market. The goods will do the same work as any of the higher priced goods. Stone-ware in all sizes of all desirable shapes; best quality of Akron ware. This is the most satisfactory goods in the market. Oranges and lemons of the freshest goods. We have the new lightning fruit jar, and Mason's porcelain-lined and glass top jars. The lightning jar is far ahead of anything yet known. It is a little higher in price than the Mason jar, but it is worth more than the difference in price. Buy the lightning jar and you will not regret it. We have them in pints, quarts and half gallons. Fine sugar cured hams, shoulders, breakfast bacon and dried beef—naked and canvased. We guarantee every piece of meat we sell. We have fifty fine lambs in good pasture to dress for our market as wanted. We give special attention to getting fine lambs, and always try to have a fine flock ahead. Our customers can depend on getting nice lamb at all times. SECHLER & Co, Bush House Block, Bellefonte.

ANOTHER HOLOCAST.

Kankakee, Ill., Jan. 18.—The south infirmary of the Illinois eastern hospital for the insane burned this morning at 4:25 o'clock. The fire originated in the furnace room and had obtained a strong headway before it was discovered. The building was occupied by 45 patients, 6 attendants and a night watchman. Seventeen patients in all are missing. Thirteen bodies have already been recovered, burned beyond recognition.

All of the patients were infirm and incurable. The bed-ridden ones were secured first, and those who were able to help themselves did not recognize the danger in time and they were the ones who perished. The attendants lost all their personal effects and many of them narrowly escaped with their lives.

Fancy goods—Garmans. 28

CATTLE DYING BY THOUSANDS.

St. Louis, January 18.—Dispatches from Texas continue to report great loss of cattle and sheep by the late could weather in various parts. On many ranges in the northern and western parts of the state great numbers of cattle have drifted southward till stopped by wire fences, running many miles east and west, and are now dying by hundreds and even thousands, from hunger, thirst and cold. The loss is chiefly on ranges which had suffered from drouth, both grass and water being scarce, and the cattle in poor condition, but even in more favored parts of the state a great amount of stock has already been lost by the unusual severity of the weather. It is estimated that 10 per cent. of the cattle and 20 per cent. of the sheep have perished.

WANTED.—Fifty Girls to Knit and Crochet. Good wages; pay weekly. Light, steady work given out to be made at home. Work and material furnished, called for and delivered free by express.
GLOBE KNITTING CO.,
423 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

MARRIED.

January 22, at the parsonage, Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Wm. Lingle and Sarah Jamison, both of Georges Valley, near Spring Mills.

On same day, by the same, Calvin Fisher Treaser, of Linden Hall, and Ida M. Stover, of near Boalsburg, formerly of near Centre Hall.

On 15, at Milesburg, by Rev. J. Hornberger, Mr. Nathaniel Krape and Miss Nannie Markle, all of Centre county.

At Howard, January 18, by J. W. Smith, J. P., Mr. Henry W. Antis and Miss Lizzie A. Wantz, both of Howard.

January 8, by Rev. D. O. Shoemaker, George F Hoy and Amanda F Miller, both of Jacksonville.

January 22, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, at the home of the bride, Mr. Harry T. Haines, of Springfield, Missouri, and Miss Laura M. Etlinger, of Woodward.

Woodward was the scene of a pleasant occurrance on the evening of 22d inst., when Miss Laura M., second daughter of Mr. Soloman Etlinger, was given in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. Harry T. Haines, of Springfield, Missouri. The nuptial ties were witnessed by the immediate friends of the bride, who extended hearty congratulations to the happy pair. The rich repast and social intercourse of the evening were greatly enjoyed by all. Mr. Haines is a conductor on the K. C. S. and M. R. R., and is a gentleman of promise and of a noble bearing. We congratulate him upon catching the handsome bird of the east end of Penns Valley for the cage he has furnished in Memphis, Ten., whither they have already gone to try the realties of housekeeping. May their experience be peaceful, pleasant and happy.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

To All Wanting Employment.

We want live, energetic and capable agents in every county in the United States and Canada, to sell a patent article of great merit, on its merits. An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every householder, it might not be necessary to make an "extraordinary offer" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $150 to $200 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least $100 in this time, above all expenses, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. Any agent or general agent who would like to have ten or more counties and work them through sub-agents for ninety days, and fail to clear at least $750 above all expenses, can return all unsold and get their money back. No other employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not have agents now making double the amount we guarantee, and but two sales a day would give a profit of over $125 a month, and that one of our agents took 18 orders in one day. Our large descriptive circular explains our offer fully, and these we wish to send to every one out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. We would like to have the address of all the agents, sewing machine solicitors and carpenters in the country, and ask any reader of this paper who reads this offer, to send us at once the name and address of all such they know. Address at once, or you will lose the best chance ever offered to those out of employment to make money.
RENNER MANUFACTURING CO.,
21jan2m 166 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

MURDERED AND CUT TO PIECES.

Pittsburg, Jan 20.—A report was received here at a late hour to-night that a horrible tragedy had been committed near Rochester, Pa. The report was to the effect that a German had killed a young man and his sister and then cut them up into small pieces. No names were given.

TRIAL LIST.

SECOND WEEK.

James McKean vs. James T Kunes.
Lycoming Fire Ins. Co. vs Rt. Rev. J F Shanahan.
H Merryman's Ex'rs vs W F Reynolds et al.
Wm. H Blair vs Moses Thompson et al.
Jacob Peters vs Penn'a R. R. Co.
John Spotts vs E A Russell, M. D.
Chas. Hewett et al vs P B Crider et al.
Sophia Hall vs Philipsburg Banking Co.
Martin Brumgard vs Henry Brown et al.
Isaac Midlam et ux vs Wm. F Loy et al.
J A Beeber, receiver of, &c, vs E Graham & Son.
J A Beeber, rec'er of &c, vs Geo. L Hastings.
Same vs E T Tuten.
John D Gardner vs John T Fowler.
David Gates vs Geo. W Lyon.
L H Everts vs Benjamin Rich.
L H Everts vs R L Dartt.
Wm. Pettingill vs T F Rowlands et al.
John T Fowler vs E J Pruner.
Nelson Askey et al vs L A Long.
The Saltsburg Bank vs Benjamin Rich.
Geo. W Fleck vs James L Sommerville.
L H Everts vs A J Greist.
Mary A Barcroft vs Jacob McCool et al.
Centre Co. Banking Co. vs Benjamin Rich.
Jas. L Sommerville et al vs Jno. H Orvis et al.
A J & T E Greist vs Benjamin Rich.
L F McNerney vs D D & J G Confer.
Louis Rasquale vs John Hoy, agent.

LIST OF JURORS.—The following is the list of jurors drawn for the Jan'y term:

Traverse Jurors—1st Monday of Febr'y.

F Nelson, Philipsburg	H J Rothrock, Spring
J H Lee, Potter	Jac H Wyle, Haines
Abert Lucas, Howard	Orin Vail, Rush
Wm J Speer, Bellefonte	C C Roup, Union
Wm Aikey, Spring	H J Derr, Bellefonte
H D Showers, Walker	A W Rees, Worth
Geo Funk, Rush	S S Crissman, Philipsb'g
J H Fishburn, Benner	M Gill, Snow Shoe
J B Kreamer, Miles	Aaron R Hall, Union
Ed Barrey, Howard	Henry Meyer, Miles
Philip Gross, Bellefonte	R H Wilson, Marion
Jer Sweeney, Spring	A H Smith, Philipsburg
David Campbell, Harris	E P Barton, Unionville
Jno L Musser, Ferguson	Geo Wister, Howard
B F Keister, Millheim	J W Hazel, Miles
Geo Clark, Potter	Ben Stover, "
Jas P Irvin, Bellefonte	W B Thompson, Boggs
F G Gray, Patton	

Sale March 17.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, two miles west of Potters Mills, on Tuesday, March 17, at 12 o'clock: Four head of horses, 2 2-years old and 1 1-year old colts, 6 milk cows, Jersey bull two years old, 12 head of young cattle, 28 head sheep, 2 sows with pig, Berkshire boar, six shoats, Johnson Harvester good as new, Johnson Mower, hay fork, rope and pulleys, fanning mill, broad wheel wagon, 2-horse wagon, horse rake, mikey cultivators, two South Bend plows, horse roller, sled tug harness, set cruppers, set of double harness, collars, bridles, halters, double and single trees, forks, shovels, etc. A reasonable credit will be given.
H. C. SHIRK.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 1¼ miles east of Linden Hall, on Thursday, February 19: Six head of horses, yearling colt, 5 cows, 5 head of young cattle, Durham bull, 8 shoats, breeding sow, new Johnson Harvester, Johnson Mower, 4-horse wagon, 2-horse wagon, bob sled, top buggy, ploughs, harrows, cultivators, hay rake, double and single trees, horse gears, bridles, collars, hay fork, with pulleys and 100 feet of rope, 20 bushels seed corn, tables, chairs, bedsteads, and a variety of other household goods and furniture, also three-fifths interest of 35 acres of wheat in the ground. Sale at 10 a. m. RUPP BROTHERS.
Wm. Goheen, Auct.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 2½ miles west of Millheim, on Friday, February 13, at 9 o'clock: Five horses, 8 cows, short-horned Durham bull, 6 head young cattle, young breeding sow, 8 shoats, 2 two-horse wagons, 2 2-horse spring wagons, 1-horse spring wagon, reaper and mower, hay rake, threshing machine, shaker and power, Union Sifter fanning mill, double sled, log sled, plow, 2 harrows, spring harrow, 2 small corn cultivators, 2-horse cultivator, shovel plow, corn scraper, corn planter, hay loader, hay fork, rope and pulleys, plow gears, Yankee harness, set of double driving harness, single driving harness, bridles, collars, check and single lines, lead reins, forks, rakes, shovels, hoes, log chain, double and single trees, spread, wheelbarrow, grain cradle, digging iron, seed corn, grindstone, bedsteads, bureaus, cupboards, tirk, tables, chairs, woodchest, dough-tray, lounges, chest, sewing machine, cook stoves, ten plate stove, iron kettles, meat stands, tubs, crocks, dinner bell, cider barrels, vinegar, apple-butter, etc. B. F. PHILLIPS.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE PROPERTY.—Will be sold at public sale at the residence of John McCool, about two miles south-east of Spring Mills, Gregg twp., on Thursday, January 29, at 1 o'clock p. m., the following real estate at Jacob McCool.

No. 1. A tract of land, known as the Emeline ... in Gregg, twp., containing 56 ACRES, ... barn, all necessary outbuildings, good water and excellent orcharu.

No. 2—A two-story plank frame House, and Lot at Witmer's siding, with stable, hog-pen, and water on lot.

No. 3—A new House and Lot about ¼ mile west of above, with stable, water and fruit. This lot contains 2 ACRES and 54 perches.

No. 4—A House and Lot at Spring Mills, with large stable. This property is all new and one of the finest at Spring Mills.

No. 5—209 ACRES, with House, bank barn, and other outbuildings, good orchard, never failing water. This is good farm land, and about 200 Acres good timber. Situate at Spring Mills.

No. 6—Containing 24 ACRES, with good House and stable, located near the Railroad, about one mile west of Spring Mills; has good water.

No. 7—Containing 7 ACRES, adjoining above on the west, all clear of timber.

Sale at 1 o'clock, when terms will be made known by JOHN GROVE,
Assignee.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Michael Ulrich, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be in debted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
7jan6t GEO. GROSSMAN,
Executor, Tussyville, Pa.

TO BUILDERS.

PROPOSALS for the building of the Lutheran Church to be erected at Centre Hall, will be received by the Building Committee. The building is to be brick and slated. Plans and specifications can be seen after January 5, 1885, by any desiring to put in bids.
FRED. KURTZ, Ch'm'n.
M. Derstine, Jno. T. Lee, John Spangler, Jas. Alexander, *B. Committee.*

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
26dec1f

Millheim Marble Works.

A. C. MUSSER,

(Successor to Deininger & Musser.)

Dealer in

Monuments,

Headstones,

Tombstones and Copeing

in Marble or Granite

WORK DONE AT REASONABLE PRICES.

☞Shop East of Bridge, Main St.
28jan3m

THE DRUSE MURDER.

A Horrible Story Told at the Inquest by the Murdered Man's Son.

Richfield Springs, N. Y., Jan. 18.—Geo. Druse, the son of Wm. Druse, who, it is alleged was murdered by his wife, told a horrible story of the crime to a Coroner's jury yesterday. He is a lad of ten and quite intelligent for his age. He testified substantially as follows: "On the morning the pistol was used Frank and I went out of the house. Pa was eating his breakfast. He did not hear ma tell us to go out. Ma had a revolver in her hand. When I heard the revolver go off I knew what was up, because ma said last summer she would hurt pa. We did not stay out very long. Ma called Frank in. I stood at the door; it was open when Frank came in. Ma gave him the revolver and told him shoot, as she could not make it go off any more. Frank said he didn't want to. She told him if he didn't she would shoot him. Then Frank shot at pa. I saw blood on the floor only. I saw a rope around pa's neck.

"In the morning before the shooting Mary and ma went into the parlor. When they came out ma had the revolver and Mary had a rope arouud pa's neck. Frank shot three times, I think, and then took the cartridge shells out. Pa was then on the floor. He said, "Oh, don't.' Ma then struck him again with the axe and pa said nothing more. Then ma cut pa's head off and she and Frank carried him into the parlor on a straw bed. Ma sent Frank and me to get shingles. They made up a fire in the parlor with shingles in both stoves. I don't know what they did with the head. Frank and I went up stairs. We staid only a little while and then we went to the woods after the new axe; ma sent us. Pa was then in the other room. There was nothing over him. We set the axe down in the kitchen when we got back. They told us to go up stairs again. Frank went down after a spell. Mary called him down and I then heard pounding in the parlor. I stayed up stairs until night. When pa came in from the barn that morning he scolded ma and ma got mad. Pa held the old axe over her head and said he would smash her head if she did not shut up. Pa put the axe in the corner and sat down to breakfast. I was by the stove and ma whispered to us to get out. I never saw pa strike ma. Last summer pa kicked over the swill pail and my sister Mary took what was left and threw it in his face. He threw water on Mary then."

Several other witnesses were sworn, including Dr. A. D. Getman and Dr. W. Borland, who testified to finding fragments of charred human bones, buckles and buttons in the ashes. The inquest was adjourned until Monday, when Mrs. Druse and her daughter Mary, aged 18, will testify. They have not heard any of the testimony. They are perfectly composed, eat heartily and show no signs of nervousness.

SPRING MILLS M. E. SABBATH SCHOOL.

WHEREAS, God in His alwise providence has seen fit to remove by death from our school Alfred Barree, one of the lambs of the flock;

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the divine will of our Heavenly Father.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved and sorrow stricken family, and would commend them to the good Shepherd who hath said, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the school, and printed in the county papers, and a copy sent to the family.

W. H. BARTHOLOMEW,
JAS. N. LEITZELL,
DAVID BURRELL,
Committee.

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

ANNUAL STATEMFNT OF THE FARMERS' MUT. FIRE INS. CO.

OFFICE OF THE F. M. F. INS. COMPANY OF CENTER COUNTY, PA.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Jan. 15, 1885.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter, the Twenty-seventh Annual Statement of the transactions of the Company is hereby presented:

ASSETS.

Bills receivable, being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year		$ 86,006 18
Cash premiums paid and due on same		839 50
To which add tax No. 13 in course for collection	$4,259 15	
Less per cent. on collection	213 45	4,055 70
Cash in the treasury		1,061 43
Making the total available assets for the past year		$40,962 81

EXPENSES.

Compensation to Directors	$173 63	
Salary of Secretary	100 00	
Salary of Treasurer	50 00	
Witnesses	4 00	
Printing, office rent and stationery	91 71	
Making duplicates and state report	13 00	
Election board	5 00	
Balance due David Keller	60 00	
Balance due Mrs. Whitehill	108 00	605 34
Total accruing assets and funds of the Company the past year, less expenses		40,357 47
To which add notes of 1880, '81, '82 and '83		118,158 79
		$158,516 26
Minus cash premiums, carpenters' risks, cancelations, tax on notes and exonerations		15,142 18
Making the total available assets of the Co. this day		143,374 08
Face value of premium notes in force		148,462 45
Insurance taken the past year	291,537 24	
Risks and insurances of 1880, '81, '82 and '83	1,268,454 42	
Making risks of Company this day		$1,559,991 66
Liabilities for losses:—		
Wm. Wolf on stable	200 00	
Mrs. Sarah Neff	350 00	
Lutheran church	3,462 70	
Loss of S. P. Ruble unadjusted.		

At an election held the same day the following members were elected directors for the ensuing year: H. C. Campbell, John G. Bailey, D. T. Weiland, Sam'l Gilliland, Fred Kurtz, S. G. Slack, J. B. Fisher, S. J. Herring, H. R. Duck, J. H. Musser, Dan'l Brumgart and Sam'l Grauley; whereupon the following officers were appointed: President, Fred'k Kurtz; Vice Pres't, S. J. Herring; Treasurer, Wm. Wolf; Sec'y, D. F. Luse.
D. F. LUSE, Sec'y. FRED'K KURTZ, President.
1

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent. on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!

50 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most pleasant and efficacious remedy now in use, for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. Over a million bottles sold within the last few years. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that cannot be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

NEW RICH BLOOD.

Sending health in every fiber of the system, is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER. For the speedy cure of Scrofula, Wasting, Mercurial Disease, Eruptions, Erysipelas, vital decay, and every indication of impoverished blood. "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" is the one remedy that can always be relied upon. Druggists sell it. 4 dec. y

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 26, 1885.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		33	34
" Western "		33	34
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates		32
" " "	bbls		30
Western, ex brands	crates		31
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	10	11
" mixed	"	9	10
" Western, straight	"	9	10
" mixed	"	8	9
Roosters	"		7
Ducks	"	11	12
Turkeys	"	11	12
Geese	"	9	10
DRESSED POULTRY.			
Turkeys, extra	per lb		16
" choice	"	13	14
" medium	"	10	12
Chickens, dry-picked, extra	"	12	13
" " good	"	10	12
" scalded and medium	"	9	11
Ducks, extra	"		14
" fair	"	9	10
Geese, extra	"	10	11
CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md., prime	per lb	6	6¼
" Fair to good	"	6	6¼
" Common stock	"	3	4¼
" Hog-dressed	"	9	10
Sheep, prime	"	3	3½
Lambs, extra	"		5
Live Cattle	"	4½	5¼
Hogs, live	"	5½	6
Pigs, live	"	5	5½
DRESSED PORK.			
Light	per lb	5¾	6¼
Heavy	"	5¾	6
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.			
Cabbage, extra	per 100	4 00	5 00
"	"	2 00	3 00
Apples, Baldwins	per bbl	2 00	2 25
" Greenings	"	1 75	2 00
" Pippin	"	2 00	2 50
" Bole Fleur	"	2 75	3 00
" Cookine	"	1 50	1 75
" York State, mixed	"	1 50	2 00
Onions, Pa	"	1 00	2 25
" Western	"	2 00	2 25
POTATOES.			
Early Rose, choice	per bus	55	55
Burbanks, choice	"	48	50
" fair	"	45	48
Pearl Mammoth	"	45	48
"	"	36	38
Beauty of Hebron	"	40	48
Peerless	"	45	48
CHEESE.			
N Y Factory, choice		12½	13
Ohio, fat, fine		11½	12
Penn'a, Full Cream		8	8½
WOOL.			
Tub-washed	per lb	27	30
Unwashed	"	18	20
DRIED FRUIT.			
Apples, evaporated, in cases		6	7
" good		3	
" quarters		2	
Blackberries		8½	9
Cherries, pitted, prime dry		12½	13
FURS.			
Bear, black		5 00	15 00
" Cubs		2 00	7 00
Red Fox		1 00	1 15
Grey		25	85
Minks		25	50
Racoons		50	85
Muskrat, Winter		10	12
Wild Cat			25
House Cat			10
Opossum, cased, trashed out		10	15
Rabbits			2½
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½	6
" " Cow	"	5	5½
" " Bull	"	4	4½
" Salted Steer	"	6	6½
" " Cow	"	5	5½
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	8	8½
Tallow, Solid	"	5½	6
" Cake	"	5	6½
Honey in Comb	"	14	16
Country Soap			5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	75
Rye	50
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 18; lallow, 6; lard, 6; ham, 15; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 24 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J.